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Vol. IV., No. 85.



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Vol. IV.

ONE PENNY.

No. 85.

“O. H. M. S.”

“The Pictures” Gold Medal Photo-Play. Scenario by ROWLAND TALBOT.
BY HORACE J. SIMPSON.

EPITOME OF PART I.

(Published in “The Pictures” last week).

Mrs. Scott-Neville at a diplomatic function unexpectedly meets Von Harlem, with whom as a schoolgirl she has had indiscreet but innocent relations. Her husband, a King's Messenger, is entrusted with the conveyance of official papers to St. Petersburg. Von Harlem, really a government spy, calls on Mrs. Scott-Neville and offers her a packet of the compromising letters she had written him if she will steal the papers from her husband. She indignantly refuses. Commander Scott-Neville returns unexpectedly, and Von Harlem, feigning fear of discovery, offers the lady the letters if she will hide him. She agrees. The spy conceals himself behind some curtains, the King's Messenger enters the room, and after welcoming her husband the lady proceeds to her own apartment and destroys the letters.

Now read—

PART II.

The maid came into the library with hot coffee.

“Leave it on my desk, Cornish, please,” said Commander Scott-Neville.

And Von Harlem, spy by profession and villain by inclination, repressed a chuckle. If only Scott-Neville would turn away for the fractional part of a second! To reach through the curtains over the desk and drop a little tincture of death into the King's Messenger's coffee would be an easy matter indeed!

But no. The stuff he carried in a little phial in his vest pocket could be used for other purposes than total destruction. Just two drops of it in a cup of coffee would probably send Scott-Neville into oblivion for a quarter of an hour—no more; though he would not have entirely recovered from its noxiousness for a whole day.

He decided—if only the cursed Englishman would conveniently turn away—that he would play for safety. He would have felt little compunction at compassing the death of Scott-Neville. But there was his own skin to consider. His presence in the house was known not only to the King's Messenger's wife, but to that pert-looking maid also. Suspicion and detection would follow inevitably.

The Commander yawned.

“Heigho! Wonder where Madeline is? Poor little woman! It's a damned shame I should be bundled off again like this. She feels it so. But—well, duty first. No use grousing.”

Then came Von Harlem's opportunity for his fiendish scheme. Alert as a weasel, his hand was through the

heavy curtains, over the desk, and two drops of dark liquid from a small phial dropped into the coffee without a shade of suspicion entering Scott-Neville's mind of the villainous drama of which he was to be the victim.

When the King's Messenger turned back to his desk he picked up his coffee.

“Gad!” he said. “But that's good! Really I think I'll swear off anything stronger. Still, when one travels as much as I do one cannot very well abstain from stimulants altogether. To-day, now—Jupiter! And I believe, what with the bad wine the other side and worse whiskey this, I'm beginning to feel the effects of what I've taken since leaving Vienna. No extraordinary quantity either. Can't understand it.”

Von Harlem, gloating over his evil work through the narrow opening between the curtains, rather thought he could have explained that extraordinary drowsiness to the puzzled commander.

“God!” exclaimed Scott-Neville, his head swimming now. “I'm drunk! That's it! I'm drunk! I'm beastly rot—drunk—drunk—”

His head fell forward. And Von Harlem knew the first instalment of his fell purpose was satisfactorily achieved.

Now for that treaty!

With the agility of a panther the German spy leapt out from his hiding-place, revolver in hand. He was taking no risks.

He gave the senseless commander a little preliminary shake.

“He's all right,” he chuckled. “He will not wake for at least a quarter of an hour, perhaps more. By then that treaty will be gone. Yes! Gott! which pocket is it in? . . . Ah-h!”

With a gurgle of devilish triumph he pulled the precious document from the commander's pocket.

And as he did so he sensed the approach of Mrs. Scott-Neville.

“You villain!” she shrilled. “This is your wicked work. You murderer! Oh, God! He has killed my husband.”

She flung out a detaining hand in her frenzy. Von Harlem tried to push her off.

“Fool!” he hissed. “It is no goot a woman struggling mit me. I—”

She struggled nevertheless—struggled and screamed.

“I serve her so. Mien Gott! Yes! So! You fool woman!”

He flung her brutally from him, and rushed from the room.

"Ach!" he chuckled fiendishly, as he saw that the key was outside. "I turn it. So! She is a prisoner. Ha. ha!"

But Von Harlem chuckled too soon. Not yet was his escape to be permitted. Mrs. Scott-Neville's maid flung herself upon him, and with all her woman's strength struggled to detain him.

Madeline quickly recovered, and rushed to the door.

"Oh, merciful heavens!" she cried in terror, when she found the door would not yield. "He has locked me in! Oh, God!"

With the frenzy of despair she flung herself at the locked door, and battered at a panel.

She remembered the address on Von Harlem's card. Harry dishonoured! Oh, God! She prayed she might yet be in time to recover that treaty.

Surely, surely, villain as he was, Von Harlem would listen to a wife pleading for her husband's honour—his more than life!

If not—Oh, God! She could not think of the alternative now. She must follow Von Harlem.

Scott-Neville opened his eyes.

"Dammed queer!" he muttered. "I'm ashamed of myself. Wonder if Madeline has seen me in this beastly drunken state."

He tried to pull himself together. Suddenly he remembered his mission to St. Petersburg. He felt in his pocket.



"She thrust her white arm through the splintered panel."

There was a rending of wood. She thrust her white arm through the splintered panel.

"Thank God!" she gasped. "He has forgotten to remove the key."

In another instant she had let herself out of the room. But an instant too late—Von Harlem had overpowered the maid.

"Cornish!—Mary! Quick, girl!" she cried. "That man must not escape. He has stolen important documents from your master. Oh, Heaven! If he gets away it will mean eternal dishonour for my husband—far, far worse than death."

She snatched up a cloak.

"A cab, Cornish!" she cried.

The treaty was gone!

"Cornish!" he cried desperately. "Cornish!"

"Yes, sir," answered the maid.

"Your mistress! Quick! Where is she?"

"She is gone out, sir," said the girl, wondering how much she dare tell.

Gone out! Madeline gone out—at such an hour! And that treaty gone from his pocket. Was he still asleep—and dreaming?

"Thunder!" he cried. "Gone out? What do you mean, girl?"

"A gentleman called, sir. He left hurriedly. Mistress followed him. She seemed in great distress," Cornish fenced.

In great distress? Madeline?

"A gentleman?" he said hoarsely. "His name, Cor-nish? Or describe him."

"This is his card, sir," the girl said; the one he sent in."

The King's Messenger took the pasteboard.

"Von Harlem!" he cried. "The German spy! Oh, my God!"

No need to wonder what had become of that treaty now. And a suspicion flashed upon him. He picked up the empty coffee cup from his desk and smelt it.

"Doped!" he muttered grimly. "Doped!"

In an instant his mind was made up. He took his revolver from his desk and put it in his pocket. He looked at Von Harlem's card again. He set his teeth.

"Ye gods!" he muttered. "It shall go hard with the

It yielded. Sending up a fervent prayer of thankfulness she closed the door gently and ascended the broad stairs. Why she did so, she hardly knew. It must have been sheer instinct that told her Von Harlem would be found upstairs.

He laughed mockingly as she entered.

"*Mien Gott!*" he said brutally. "Why does a pretty woman visit a man in his apartments so late, eh?"

She seemed deaf to his insult.

"Colonel Von Harlem," she said, "I want that treaty you stole from my husband's pocket."

Ah-h!" gurgled the spy coarsely. "But I am sorry I cannot give it to so pretty a lady—not even when she comes to my room so late at night."

Momentarily she despaired. What could she do single-handed against a powerful brute like Von Harlem! But



"The struggle was furious and protracted."

scoundrel if I get within a mile of him!"

Madeline Scott-Neville, still in that magnificent gown she wore at the affair at the Russian Embassy, with a costly cloak thrown over it, leapt from her cab opposite Von Harlem's house.

Her heart fluttered as she tried the front door. Too well she knew how little chance she stood of effecting an entry if she rang or in any other way announced herself. Her sole hope lay in finding that big door unfastened. As it happened, she was familiar with the interior of that house. The previous tenant had been on quite friendly terms with the Scott-Nevilles.

She turned the big brass knob and pushed the door.

suddenly her heart fluttered, her eyes glistened like live coals. On the table lay the spy's revolver.

"Please! she begged winningly, to put her enemy off his guard. "Oh, please! My husband's honour is at stake. Oh, do have mercy!"

And all the time she was edging near that coveted revolver. With the weapon in her hands, she would have the wretch at her mercy.

"Your husband's honour!" Von Harlem sneered. "But what about der honour of Mrs. Scott-Neville if I say dot she come to my rooms so late?"

"You can say what you please!" she flung at him suddenly, and with such defiance that he stared at her to discover the reason.

At last she had got his revolver. With white face and

trembling limbs the brave woman faced him, a glistening plated barrel emphasising her determination.

"Colonel Von Harlem," she cried, "I give you five seconds to restore that treaty to me. Refuse, and I shoot. I warn you that I am no novice with a revolver. Defy me at your peril."

But whatever his faults Von Harlem was no coward. He had faced too many revolvers to be seriously perturbed at one handled by a woman. With a howl of rage he sprang at her.

The sudden fury of his attack overwhelmed her. In another moment she would have been utterly at his mercy.

But the door was flung open, and Commander Scott-Neville burst in.

"You despicable hound!" Scott-Neville hissed. "I'll throttle you!"

But the threat was more easily uttered than carried out. Von Harlem was a powerful man. The struggle was furious and protracted.

Madeline, white to the lips, followed the fighting pair with Von Harlem's revolver, determined to use it if the German at last got the upper hand of her husband.

Inch by inch the struggling men swayed from the room, along the landing, ultimately on to the stairs.

Madeline's heart was in her mouth as she saw them lurch against the balusters, and heard the wood-work creak with the weight flung against it.

Suddenly there was a crash. The balusters had given way. Locked in one another's arms the two men were precipitated below.

The spy quickly disengaged himself, and seizing a sword from a trophy on the wall, raised it in deadly menace. But Madeline still held the revolver—a crack rang out, the sword dropped from a shattered hand.

Scott-Neville sprang to his feet, and instantly possessing himself of the treaty, motioned the baffled spy from the room.

Madeline rushed to her husband's arms.

"My darling!" he cried. "Thank God you are safe!"

"The treaty, Harry?" she gasped.

"It is here," he said. "And, dear, I owe its recovery solely to you."

Very wisely, Mrs. Scott-Neville decided that, as to her own conscience she could allege innocence utter and complete, she would never tell her husband that to her he owed its loss also.

Principal Cast:

Commander Scott-Neville, R.N., a King's Messenger	Mr. Harry W. Scaddan
Mrs. Scott-Neville, his wife	Miss Blanche Forsythe
Col. Von Harlem, a Spy	Mr. Fred Paul
Mary, a maid-servant	Miss Doreen O'Connor

CONTENTS.

O.H.M.S. (part II.)	1
Scenario-Writers' Column	4
An Uncle Tom's Cabin Troupe	5
Miss Irene Vernon	7
Between Ourselves	7
The Land of Promise	8
The Little Tease	10
Miss Blanche Forsythe	12
Miss Marin Sais	13
Collecting the Bill	14
Bumptious Bill	15
The Sheriff's Baby	16
In the Days of Napoleon	18
The Fired Cook	20
Moving Picture News	22
Our Postbag	23
Our Competition	24

Scenario-Writers' Column.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR.

We have in recent issues sketched out the broad lines on which a plot should be developed and put on paper for photoplay purposes. We shall now consider separately various points which are constantly cropping up and presenting difficulties to the novice, and indeed to the expert, too. We do not propose to take these points in any definite order, but to deal with them as they come before us in one or other of the scenarios submitted for comment and criticism.

REVISE!

If you have a really good and original idea, carelessly developed, there is just a chance that it may be purchased by some discerning editor for that alone, but you will get very little for it. Why? Because the whole scenario will probably have to be entirely re-written by the editor or producer before it can be used. Now, the cost of this re-writing has to be deducted from the payment for the script, and often leaves very little for the original writer. In the same way, if a script has to be partly revised before production, the fact will reduce, perhaps not quite so seriously, the amount paid for it. The moral of this is that you should look through your finished scenario carefully, do any necessary revision yourself, and thereby earn full payment for your work. We believe that when English writers realise this, the payments offered by home producers will advance to a figure comparable with those paid abroad.

STUDY THE MARKET.

You will often find that a given producer seems to have a distinct preference for a certain class of plot. One of them may like stories of the good young man that died; another may prefer the reformed burglar, and a third may want farce comedies. It will be worth while to ascertain why this is so, and one of two reasons will probably apply: The producer has a leaning towards that sort of plot, or the firm is well-stocked with the particular class or script in question. In the former case, you have an obvious market for a certain description of scenario; in the latter, you know where NOT to send it. You will generally find them willing to inform you whether they are open to consider this or that class of work.

WATCH THE PICTURES.

The ambitious photo-playwright will do well to pay particular attention to the pictures already released, not to get ideas from them for plots—for the scenario editor is very quick in detecting and turning down a plagiarism—but to familiarise himself with what is possible to the camera. If you consider Mr. Brett's example last week—anyone could see that in no film had such a scene as that required—or anything resembling it—been depicted. The inference is obvious. Of course, this caution applies only to scenes obviously requiring special setting or devices to secure the desired presentation when the film comes to be projected, and not to such scenes as are palpably suitable for ordinary production.



AN UNCLE TOM'S CABIN TROUPE.

Exchange is no Robbery.

BY RUSSELL DE TRAFFORD.



None could remember when the "Uncle Tom's Cabin Troupe" first started on its endless wanderings from town to town. The lady who had played "Little Eva" from her eighth birthday till her thirty-eighth was in sight, was of the opinion that the play had been launched on an appreciative world shortly after the War was over; and there investigation petered out.

The proprietor and manager, Simon Legree—his real name had long ago been superseded by that of his part—had joined the company as one of the nigger children—the troupe was old then—he had stuck to the show, and, of all things for an actor to do, he had saved money, and had bought out the widow of the previous Simon Legree, who played the runaway slave girl; and the troupe was his lock, stock and barrel.

Night after night and matinee after matinee, he acted the wicked and cruel planter, into whose hands the unhappy "Uncle Tom" was doomed to fall; he played it before sharp-featured audiences in the New England States; he played it to cowboys in the West; to the inhabitants of mushroom cities; to the hustling people of the Middle-West; and Sunday after Sunday he and his troupe set out on their pilgrimage to the next town.

Simon Legree loved applause, and he loved flattery; but it is a sad truth that even those dearest of all things to the artist, weary at last; and Legree, by unconscious degrees, grew sick to death of his monotonous career. He sometimes thought of taking up a new part—but that was not possible; the whole equilibrium of the company would have been upset; all of the artists lived in their parts; one displacement would have entailed others, and the end would have been a revolution in the ranks. It seemed to the proprietor that merely to keep the troupe together, and save his property, he would have to go on as the villainous planter to the very end.

Deliverance came to Simon Legree from an utterly unexpected quarter; the course of the company's tour—it was rigidly mapped out by ancient tradition—had taken them into an out-of-the-way region in New Jersey. It had been a manufacturing district in the old times of water mills, but busy life had fled from it, and any sort of diversion was certain of a welcome there.

The troupe entered Pottopolis, with the customary procession. Uncle Tom, not yet blacked-up, at the head, flourishing an immense baton, like

that of a regimental drum-major; after him the niggers, and the minor parts, playing on cornets and trombones, and banjos; then Legree and St. Clair, in frock coats; next a car with "Little Eva," seated in triumph; and finally, the two real dogs, which hunted the fugitive slave girl in the great scene.

One of the dogs was a bloodhound, and the other a tame old retriever; the latter animal did not add greatly to the effect, but he was a long-standing member of the company; he knew his part as well as Legree knew his, and he public never seemed to mind, so the manager kept him on, and refused to listen to St. Clair's suggestion that a second bloodhound should be engaged. It was just as well, for it is very difficult to train a



"The troupe entered Pottopolis with the customary procession."

bloodhound to such a part; they are apt to enter too much into the spirit of the piece.

The Pottopolitans turned out *en masse* to witness the procession, and their cheers put an immensity of go into the proceedings. Uncle Tom could create more effect with that baton of his than any mere drum-major. He whirled it round and round, and, anon, without any apparent effort on his part, it shot up into the air; he halted till it fell, caught it, and, with one motion of his hand, he set it spinning again.

The public delight in this feat presaged a full house in the evening, nor were the company disappointed. The hall was packed to the doors, and the play went through in splendid style. There wasn't a dry eye in the house after the scene where Legree buys Uncle Tom; and there were audible sobs when the hapless fugitive girl escaped over the floating ice, with the planter and his

hounds after her. No carping critic remarked the non-natural character of the waves, produced in the traditional fashion by shaking long stripe of white canvas stretched from one of the wings to the other; nobody cared for details like that. It was the play they wanted. The obvious tameness of the retriever was passed over just as calmly—he provided a genuine old-fashioned thrill, and that was enough.

The last scene finished up the audience: they had no more tears to shed. Little Eva, mounted on one horn of her wooden crescent, was drawn up into the flies, while the agonised Uncle Tom pointed to the heavens, as one that has faith. True, both Little Eva and the moon were very obviously solid, particularly Eva, but no one minded that—it was a pure soul ascending to Paradise, and an ill-used saint to complete the picture. That was pathos indeed; and the company made their final bow to a house that rocked with enraptured applause. The performance was over; St. Clair, Legree, and Uncle Tom resumed their ordinary attire, and went along to the local hotel, a solid, comfortable old house, leaving the rest of the troupe to wander about the town in search of diggings; and the proprietor and his friends presently adjourned to the bar.

"Mighty fine show, yours," said the landlord, when he had served them with a drink. "Big money in it, I guess."

"Big money," answered Legree; "I should say. We've drawn crowded houses every night for nobody remembers how long. I reckon William Shakespeare never wrote a play that went down with the public like 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"I kind of fancy I could take your part," said the landlord.

"Shouldn't be altogether surprised," replied Legree, with a charitable desire to humour him. The landlord was a fat, short man, with a cheerful, genial face, and a rubicund nose—as little like the real Legree as any human being; and he had a rasping New England accent, desperately unsuited to the part of a Southern planter.

The proprietor would never have guessed it, but the man was hopelessly stage-struck; the emotions produced by the piece had completely swept him off his feet, and his next question took his confidant utterly by surprise.

"You're the boss of the whole show?" he began.

Legree nodded.

"I'd like to go into the business," said the landlord; "I'll trade my hotel for your outfit."

Legree gasped. Here was the chance for which he had been waiting. He would be freed from that nightmare of a part, without involving himself in ruin. Here was an opportunity to settle down in comfort for the rest of his days and for-

get that Uncle Tom had ever possessed a cabin; but he avoided the mistake of appearing too eager.

"Well," he answered, after a little reflection, "I was thinking of retiring from the profession—made as much as I want, anyhow—and I shouldn't be altogether averse to a deal."

The stage-struck landlord jumped at the offer. "Then we can call it done," he said. "We'll have Lawyer Hoskins in to-morrow morning, and get the thing put through."

"Right you are," responded Legree, and the landlord hustled smiling off to attend to another customer.

Uncle Tom and St. Clair had all the time thought their manager was joking—as if the troupe could go on without a trained Legree—and they maintained a solemn silence throughout the conversation. It was a horrid shock to them when, as the company was assembling for rehearsal on the afternoon following, the landlord arrived instead of Legree, and produced documentary evidence that the show belonged to him.



"The hapless fugitive escaped over the floating ice."

"I've got up my part," he announced—he must have sat up the greater portion of the night studying his lines—"and we'll go through with the rehearsal; only we want a few alterations. We must bring in some ragtime songs, and have the whole stunt a bit more up-to-date."

There were murmurs of disapproval from the crowd; but what amateur actor-manager was there ever who was not firmly convinced that he knew more about staging plays than the oldest professional in existence? If there was, he did not live in Pottsville; and the new broom proceeded to cut and expand everyone's part, introducing personal allusions to prominent local characters, as well as two ragtime choruses for St. Clair's niggers. By the time that the rehearsal was through, and the landlord professed himself satisfied, the troupe was on the verge of a general strike; and there was a kind of sulky unspoken understanding among them that the performance that night was

to be a failure, even in the unlikely event of the new manager making a hit.

The ex-landlord, however, needed no assistance from the rest of the cast in "getting the bird," as it is called. His very first appearance wrecked the piece; a population which had tolerated the waves, and the dogs, stuck at Legree, who was an obviously happy, cheerful little man, with a New England accent; and as soon as one of the boys in the gallery detected who the planter really was, and said so in a very loud voice, the audience began to leave—they had come to have their feelings harrowed up; they didn't want to laugh, they wanted to cry, and they felt they had been cheated and defrauded.

Only a very few determined souls were there when the fugitive slave, with a purposeful clumsiness, stumbled along from one block of ice to the next; and their spirits were so damped that they only smiled wearily when she permitted the retriever to catch her up, playfully patted it on the head, and resumed her desperate flight. The ragtime choruses echoed through an almost empty hall, and scarcely one spectator was in at the death of Little Eva. Pottopolis missed a good deal. The new Legree was delighted in his efforts to look the part of a man who had been a West Indian pirate, and was now a systematic torturer of niggers; it was hopelessly in vain, a pirate could not be stumpy and stout, and have a red nose and a New England accent; neither could a torturer of niggers wear such a kindly expression—but the townspeople were not out for comedy, they wanted tragedy, or, failing it, revenge.

Several young men, who had asked for pass-out checks during the early acts returned shortly before the finish; and they called the principals before the curtain. The disappointment-maddened Legree warmed a little at the sound—perhaps there were a few of his fellow-citizens who were capable of appreciating good acting—so, dragging St. Clair and Uncle Tom with him, he returned to the stage.

As they appeared the youths of Pottopolis set up a yell; an egg flew out of the darkness under the gallery, and broke against the curtain; the next took the actor-manager in the face, and he and his companions fled under a fusilade—the local grocer had been a sympathiser with the movement, and he had sacrificed a whole box of eggs that had been accidentally left in his cellar.

There was no doubt about the age of those eggs, and the company slunk cautiously through the streets to their respective lodgings; the landlord had stipulated for a room in the hotel that had been so lately his.

The troupe had formed no plan; but every one of them, except the new proprietor, were at the hall with the earliest light. They worked frantically at taking down the scenery. St. Clair brought the van round from the stable, and they had it loaded up with all their properties and luggage before the new manager had been apprised of what was happening, and could reach the scene of action.

"Stop; take me with you!" he shouted, as he neared the hall. "It's my show." But it was too late. Uncle Tom whipped up the steeds, and the caravan started.

Like the runaway slaves of former days, the troupe made for the Canadian border, and they had vanished thitherwards before the ruined actor-manager could find anyone to trust him with a horse.

Somewhere in the Dominion "Uncle Tom's

Cabin" is playing yet, but the true proprietor does not know where, and he cannot find out, for his salary as bar-tender and general man-of-all-work in Legree's hotel does not leave a margin to pay detectives.

Miss IRENE VERNON



This charming lady, who has had considerable experience in cinema acting, and is now with the Barker Stock Company, is likely to be lost to the screen in the near future, as we hear she is to be married early next month. Those who have admired her work before the camera will join with us in cordially wishing her every happiness.

BETWEEN OURSELVES.

THE LEAGUE.

Membership forms are still coming in in a very cheering fashion, and the roll bids fair to assume quite formidable proportions. The cash prize of 5s. has been awarded this week to Miss Winnie Perry, 26, St. John's Wood, Clapham Junction, S.W., who has secured the largest number of new subscribers during the week.

OUR GALLERY.

Number 1 of "The Pictures" Gallery of favourite Photoplayers has met with a most cordial reception, the first edition being practically exhausted. Number two is being prepared, and we hope to announce next week the names of the players dealt with. We may say that we propose to enlarge the booklet and to make it in every respect worthy of its parent journal. The literary matter, the illustrations, the printing and the paper will alike be of the best, and those who were so copious in their praises of the first issue will find that the standard there set has been more than maintained.



THE LAND OF PROMISE.

How the Map is Painted Red.

BY RUSSELL DE TRAFFORD.



HERE is a generous slice of the map of Africa, which used to be marked unexplored, and is now coloured red to indicate that it forms part of the British Empire; it is universally believed that it was William Grace, banker of Leadenhall Street, who out of pure patriotism converted that waste tract of country into one of the most prosperous of all our provinces—they have put up a statue of a idealised banker, of a banker as he ought to have been, on the hills overlooking the new capital, which is already blossoming into a city of respectable size, and thence he looks down for ever upon the country that he made—by accident.

It was thus, in cold reality; there came to Grace a man; a waster and a scallywag, who for some reason known only to himself was stranded in the wilds of the unexplored land, and he told the banker of the vast wealth that yet awaited development. In those days Grace had one idol, money—and he thought to himself that the development of that country might bring him millions more than he had already, and he still wished for millions more.

William Grace disliked the taking of risks; he much preferred that others should take the risks, and he should come in when the profits were secure, and it seemed to him that the British Government would be a very suitable institution to take over the development of that particular slice of Africa, and do the expensive and preliminary civilising, so that there might be, what he called in his reports, a good supply of native labour available.

Now an ordinary person who thinks that the British government ought to do a particular thing, is comparatively helpless; it is not in his power to make the British government do it; but Grace was in a very different case; he had influence, his millions talked; because, if he refused to finance loans and so forth, and if all the very useful information which he was always willing to give, if it was really wanted, was not forthcoming, it would have made things very awkward for certain personages; therefore he approached the members of the cabinet with the greatest confidence and put his scheme before them. He pointed out what a very excellent thing it would be for the Empire at large if that particular slice of Africa were annexed; he explained it all, and he failed. There are limits beyond which even the government won't be worked; and Grace struck them; he was politely informed that if he liked to develop the country at his own expense, and leave the government the option of taking it over later, he might do so, otherwise no—it wasn't put that way, but that is what it came to, and so the financier was reduced to the expedient of forming a company as the only method of risking other people's money in the experiment.

In due time there appeared in the papers one of those little confidential advertisements; the sort that compel you to answer them, if you feel that you possess anything resembling the qualifications; a nice chatty little advertisement that gives you the impression that you are the person the management are looking for with tears; and as it mentioned an engineer, George Taylor applied for it.

He saw it when he was sitting listening to the sweet voice of his fiancee, Betty Reid, singing as one could fancy an angel singing; he pulled her up sharp when he read it, and he showed it to her.

"This would be the chance for you," she said, forgetting everything else in the excitement of the prospect of her lover as a successful man at last—George was the victim of persistent ill-fortune.

"Go round and see him now," she went on, and George brushed up his hair, and straightened his tie, and he went and interviewed Grace.

The banker was an uncommonly shrewd man, and he saw in George the fellow he was looking for. The youth had experience and plenty of it, and there was something that told Grace that he was the sort that would be loyal to his employer, through thick and thin; some men do possess the power of divining character, and the banker was one of them. George got the job easily, and it was all fixed up on the spot when he was to start for Central Africa—prospecting on behalf of the company that Grace was about to form, and the young man went back to Betty radiant; all was well; he had secured his chance at last, and soon he would be back in England and they would be married.

The banker said nothing in particular about gold at the time, that was not his game; he let young Taylor get his equipment, and book his passage on the steamer; then he sent him the telegram—the final message before he left; he worded it more or less ambiguously, but there was no doubt as to what he meant; gold must be found if it were there in the country; and it were not there, well, it must be found just the same—an unpleasing position for Taylor; but what was he to do, every half-penny of his money had been sunk in paying his passage. He must either do what his employer wished, or resign himself to being a pauper; there was no middle course, and being the sort of young man that Grace had guessed that he was, he chose the easiest way. He would go out to the country; perhaps there would be gold there, and all would come right; if he failed to find any, well, he would have to see what was to be done. Something would turn up, and he sailed away happy.

That particular part of Africa in which Taylor found himself when his voyage was over, was not promising in outward appearance; it was expansive, and the scenery was varied between mountains and deserts and swamps, and that was all that could be said of it.

But he was a young man of pluck, and he organised his expedition up country with a vast amount of energy; and somehow or other they got off, and they struck a range of mountains which Taylor's knowledge of geology told him was probably the place where, if anywhere in the country, the gold was, and at random almost he picked a spot in the mountain side, and the little party began to excavate.

Meanwhile Grace, far away in London, was improving the opportunity. The company floated successfully, thanks to lavish advertising and unlimited champagne. The world was set talking about the glowing and marvellous wealth that would accrue to the happy pioneers of civilisation in the new colony that was to be, and the reports that Taylor managed to have conveyed to the coast were so beautifully and subtly edited by the banker that the little band—Taylor, three other white men and a few niggers—grew into a magnificently equipped expedition, that was daily discovering new wonders in the land of promise.

All was going well, and Grace was rejoicing to think that others were taking all the chances, and if it did come off a success, he would rope in the principal share of any gains that might be made. He was patting himself on the back when the thing happened that upset it all, and made him an Empire-builder against his wish.

Betty came to the office to enquire about George, all the private letters that he had written had gone astray; he could not mark them with the secret sign that he put

on those he sent to Grace, which meant that they were so desperately important that anyone would neglect them at his peril, and so Betty had heard nothing of her lover.

Betty was a very pretty girl indeed, and Grace was sympathetic; and he said that he would institute enquiries, would telegraph in fact, and would call round at her home as soon as he had any news—that was his artfulness, for he was struck with Betty.

Grace had one weakness out of business hours, and that was music; he could really appreciate a beautiful voice, such as Betty possessed; he could understand that it was a voice in thousands; a voice such as is only heard once in a hundred years or so; and, having disposed of the affairs of poor young Taylor, by saying that news was on the way and would reach him before long, very tactfully suggested that she should visit an eminent impresario of his acquaintance—he didn't in fact know the impresario then, but he was quite well aware of the methods which would be necessary to become familiar with the great man; Betty was flattered—what artist would not have been—and she consented.

Thus it happened that when her unhappy lover's expedition came to hopeless smash—with no gold found nor sign of it—and all the other prospectors and the natives deserted him, to take his chance, Betty was rising into fame as a star of grand opera—the impresario was an artist as well as Grace; he was delighted with her voice, and voices of that kind being uncommon in an extreme degree, he gave her the chance that set her on the path to success.

This was the banker's opening; he assumed a sort of proprietary interest in Betty, and she was too innocent, and her relatives were too designing, to resent it.

While Grace was establishing his position, the wretched Taylor was making his way alone back to the coast, and how he did it is a mystery even to himself; volumes have been filled with adventures less thrilling than his—there were times when he imagined himself doomed certainly to perish for want of water; he became delirious; he saw mirages, and just as death seemed near one of the lakes proved to be a real lake, or at least a pond with drinkable water in it; he was saved, and at last he saw before him the sea, and on it, in the far distance, a sail. They caught sight of him on the ship just as he was giving up all hope, and they took him off; and by the kindness of consuls, he was conveyed back to England as a distressed mariner; none of the appeals that he sent to Grace produced any result; by this time the man was madly, head over ears, in love with Betty, and he would gladly have sacrificed all that could ever have hoped to make out of his African venture to have kept her lover, whom she still remembered, out of the way; he had for some time been paying dividend on the shares out of his own pocket. He was willing to do anything, in fact, to keep the attention of interested parties away from the region where George was. The very last thing that he desired was that an expedition should be organized which might find the young man and bring him back to ruin the banker's chances with his singer. So Grace made the dividends heavy and hoped that he would be rewarded by the news that the engineer was no more.

The unhappy George landed in England, almost penniless, and one of the first sights that met his eyes was a poster announcing that Miss Betty Reid was singing at the opera; and from the colour, size and generally enthusiastic tone of the poster there could be no doubt that Betty had, in his absence, blossomed from a young lady unknown outside her immediate circle to a favorite of the great world. George shuddered as he thought of it. It had been the vision of Betty, the belief that she was waiting for him, that had sustained him through all the trials of that terrible journey to the coast, and now that he was in England once again with an expectation of seeing her, this had come upon him. There was but a single hope—there might be more Betty Reids than one in the world—and her lover paid for a seat in the back

of the house, and feverishly waited for the curtain to go up.

Once she was on the stage the heart of the young engineer turned to stone. It was impossible not to recognise that the radiant creature, bowing to the audience in acknowledgment of the thunders of applause, was the Betty that he had known. But there was worse before him yet. He waited about the entrance to the theatre, when the opera was over, in the hope that she would recognise him. She appeared at last, and walked to the waiting motor—on the arm of the banker.

In that moment of misery George Taylor saw through it all. He understood now why Grace had sent him no messages and no supplies; why he had allowed the expedition to go to ruin, and why he had taken no notice of his repeated appeals.

He went the next morning to the banker's office and he interviewed him.

"I could have brought you to ruin," he said, "but I will not, seeing that she has forgotten me, and prefers you. You are to marry her, I presume" The banker nodded in reply.

"Then," went on George, "I will return to Africa. I have nothing left to care for in England, and I had better go back to die in the wilderness."

Grace jumped at the opportunity offered him. He entered on a long string of explanations as to why he had not communicated with his lieutenant. Letters had gone wrong; there had been delays, and troubles, native risings, and so on. Explanations were much in the banker's way, and he reeled them off with an air that lent plausibility to them. To finish, he wrote a generous cheque, and suggested that George should start by the next boat. Whatever he required for a further expedition in search of gold, he might order at Grace's expense.

If only George had gone peaceably back to Africa all would have been well for the banker, but he had a few days to wait, and the temptation was strong to call on Betty just one, for the very last time—he would never see her again.

He found himself in the district where she lived; in the street opposite the house; and he surrendered, and rang at the bell.

Betty's terrified surprise at seeing him came as a shock to George. "I thought you were dead," was all that her white lips could murmur.

"You didn't seem to be mourning me very deeply when I saw you last night," he answered, bitterly. He was sorry the moment afterwards; but the unaccustomed magnificence of the room in which she received him had brought back to his mind the memory of the previous evening.

Those few words wrecked their two lives. She still loved him, but after that she was too proud to admit it.

All that she said in answer was, "I am a singer, and I have to carry out my engagements, whatever my feelings may be." Those cold words sealed the doom of her lover. He coldly bade her farewell and walked from the house.

In a few weeks George Taylor was back in Africa again, and his second expedition was making its toilsome way to the gold country. They had camped for the night. The engineer had eaten his meal, and he was sleeping the sleep of the utterly worn out. In the midst of a confused dream he woke. The camp was full of excitement and shoutings. He seized his gun, and sprang to his feet. His party had been joined by another all well mounted, as he saw; and from their light equipment they had evidently come at a great speed.

A man was approaching Taylor, and he saw, to his utter surprise, that it was the banker. Grace held out his hand, and George took it.

"Why—" began the engineer, but Grace stopped him.

"She rejected me," he said, "when she found that I had deceived her over you. I told her you were dead. We've both lost her, and there's nothing for it but to find gold and make this country a big thing. I've no interest in anything else now."

George looked him in the eyes. "We'll do it," he said, and together they journeyed and toiled, till they found the gold and made the country.



THE LITTLE TEASE.

The little tease teased once too often and found trouble.

By OSCAR GRIFFIN.



THE one anxiety of old Jarvis's life was his daughter, Minnie, whose eccentricities he put down to the credit of a French mother. Minnie commenced her tricks at the age of six, when she offered a kiss to an eight-year-old lover for the possession of an apple pilfered from a neighbouring orchard. By the time she was twelve she had kissed or was kissed by all the passable-looking boys within a radius of twelve miles. When, at the age of sixteen, she had put up her hair and had let down her frocks, the trouble was intensified by a duel, with Nature's weapons, between two swains of 18 and 17 respectively, until one retired with two eyes closed and a hideous red mass where mouth and nose should have been. The victor had one eye still open, and suggested to Minnie that she should elope with him as payment for such a glorious victory. Minnie simply teased him and advised him to wait till he could see with the other eye. This state of warfare in Yellowpatch continued for another two years, some unfortunate male always being on the retired list for a few days until his place was taken by another. The victors, as well as the vanquished, varied; in fact, the only difference between the two lay in the fact that the victor retained the siren's favour about twenty-four hours longer, or until knocked out in turn.

"I don't know what I shall do with that girl, wife," commented Jarvis, one evening, on receiving an indignant remonstrance from the fond but outraged mother of one of Minnie's battered lovers. "I have corrected her time after time, but 't seems no use. I'm afraid it's in the blood, and it's certainly not on my side."

Mrs. Jarvis winced. In her maiden days she had been known as Miss Jeanette le Conte, and in the Quaker settlement where her husband lived, on the outskirts of New England, French blood and wickedness coincided.

"I don't see how that is?" protested Mrs. Jarvis, meekly. "You know, John, when you were quite a young man, before I married you, I was turned against you almost by my people on account of the wild life you were leading."

"Times have changed," interrupted old Jarvis, hastily, "and the good Lord has forgiven me all youthful transgressions." He did not like his wife's innuendoes. They suggested that Minnie's irresponsibility and love of admiration had their origin in his own nature, and that contention of course was absurd.

"Where is that girl?" he muttered to himself. "The night is dark, and I must light the lamp and leave it in the window so that she can see it from the road, and guide her steps without accident." He

rose to his feet and trimmed the lamp, then placed it in the window with careful hands so that its radiance was thrown on the black background outside. He was very fond of his daughter, and feared for her future. Stronger minded than his wife, he had taken over the reins of government so far as Minnie was concerned, but he was beginning to feel the effects of this eternal vigilance, and his thoughtful, clean-shaven old face had aged during the last twelve months.

"The light is up, and the gal can find her way home," he said, rubbing his hands together gleefully. "When she sees the light, Minnie always knows her old dad is waiting for her."

Twenty minutes later Minnie came in like a whirlwind. The door banged, and the flame of the lamp almost went out with the violence of the wind. There was a blush on the girl's cheek, and her hair was blown



"What is to be done with the little tease?"

loosely and roughly over her shoulders. There was a whimsical dare-devil smile on her lips, and her eyes were defiant.

"Where have you been?" queried her father.

"I've been courting, daddy," replied Minnie, mischievously, "and John Strong has proposed to me."

John Strong, a respectable young man of twenty-two, was the son of a neighbouring farmer, and possessed muscles of steel and the strength of a lion. He was ungainly in limb and speech, but old Jarvis had known him since he was a boy, and his father before him, and his pedigree was unimpeachable.

"Well?" queried Mrs. Jarvis, interestedly.

"I've accepted him," replied Minnie, throwing herself into a chair and playing with her curls. She was quite cool and collected; she knew that the news would not be unwelcome.

"I'm very glad to hear it, lass," said old Jarvis

quietly. "John Strong is a god-fearing lad, and his parents are the same. You know you're getting a bit of a handful, my girl," he added, with playful reproach, "and a husband like John can be trusted to keep my flighty maiden in order."

Minnie laughed as she retorted "I'm not married yet?"

The next day the girl stood on the top of a little hill overlooking the valley, about twenty feet beneath her. Coming along on horse-back, riding leisurely, as if he had all day in which to do the journey, was a handsome young man, whistling merrily. He halted for a moment as he caught sight of the girl on the hillock. He raised his hat, said "Good morning" in a cultured voice, and smiled. Minnie smiled in turn, then replied "Good morning, sir," and the sound of the girl's voice pleased the stranger, for he dismounted from his horse. Minnie's flirting instincts came uppermost, and she turned and fled with a peal of laughter. The stranger laughed, too, and followed from spot to spot, chasing her in circles round the giant oaks, and finally caught her round the waist as she gasped "You've tired me out."

"A kiss, little one, for my trouble," pleaded the stranger, but the tone was imperious, and to her own surprise she found herself returning his kisses. Then she heard that he was staying at the local hotel on a visit of survey, and would be going back to the city within a week. His name was Robert Armytage, and Minnie thought it was a lovely name, quite worthy to rank with the best to be found in any halfpenny novelette she had ever read.

Poor John Strong, looking down on this scene from another hillock some hundreds of yards away, grew hot with rage, and if Robert Armytage had not taken it into his head to retire at that moment—after making an appointment with Minnie—his eyes would have been the colour of his hat inside of five minutes. But if Strong missed Armytage, he encountered Minnie.

"Who is he?" he demanded, reproachfully.

"A friend," replied the girl, defiantly. "That's quite enough information for you. I'm not married to you yet."

"But you're my promised wife," pleaded the bewildered young man, who could hardly conceive the wickedness of which he thought Minnie had been guilty in flirting with a perfect stranger.

"Oh, don't worry me. You're very tiresome when you begin to preach," retorted the girl, "and if you like I'll release you from your promise. There's plenty of other fish in the sea."

Poor John went home, and over the fire that night he wondered if all girls were like Minnie.

* * *

Three days later, when it was known that Minnie had run off to town with the handsome stranger, there was desolation in Yellowpatch. John Strong, silent and grim, tramped about the farm and annoyed his father by driving the plough the wrong way, and brought the tears to his mother's eyes by moping round the house and picking at his food. In the Jarvis household the desolation was keener, Mrs. Jarvis frequently wiped her eyes, and old Jarvis read the Bible and then threw it aside with the self-assurance that there was no God, or else his daughter would not have gone astray. True, his daughter had left a note stating that she had gone to the city to be married, but no one in Yellowpatch believed it. The young stranger did not look of the "marrying kind" John volunteered afterwards. Then one day John Strong disappeared also, and the stationmaster said afterwards that the young farmer had taken a single ticket to the city.

"She'll come home some day," Jarvis was wont to

say pathetically as he lighted his lamp and placed it in the window when darkness crept over the mountains. That light shone like a beacon, and could be seen several miles away even on the darkest night. When asked by his friends why he placed the lamp in the window, he replied that it was to guide travellers over the mountains; but he and his wife knew that it was a sign to his erring daughter that he was still expecting her, and that the old couple were always ready to welcome her home.

In the meantime the even more mysterious disappearance of John Strong resolved itself into something that could be understood. Heaven only knows how he found the address of Minnie, but he discovered her at last, and her eyes told him she was miserable.

"Why did you do this thing, Minnie?" he asked, mournfully.

"I believed his words when he told me he would marry me," said the now weeping girl on suddenly encountering her faithful lover. "He has not done so, and now I would not marry him, for I have learned to hate him for his deceit and cruelty."

Poor John might also have complained of deceit and cruelty, but that was not his way; instead he whispered gently,

"You ought to go home, Minnie."

"I won't—I can't—not now."

"Do," pleaded the young man. "Your father and mother are waiting for you—only too anxious for your return."

The young woman eyed her old lover keenly. What she saw there reassured her, even if he had not added the words "I shall follow you home, too."

"Very well," she said, with her usual wild impulse. "I shall go now."

It was well that old Jarvis had placed the lamp in the window that night as usual. The road across the mountains was almost hidden in the intense darkness of the night, and when night fell wild animals emerged from their lair and made the night hideous with their cries. Wolves and even leopards were seen occasionally in the ravines by belated pedestrians, and Minnie's blood froze as she saw crouching on a tree trunk on the side of the bridle path a ferocious leopard. With a scream she fled along the well-known path, and halted for a second to gain her breath after a flight of some hundreds of yards. Apparently something had frightened the leopard, for it did not follow her. Away in the distance shone the light from her father's lamp, and the girl took courage. Half an hour later Minnie had pulled the cord that fastened the latch of her father's door, and she crept in. The old man was reading the Bible, and as the door opened he turned his head. "Who is that?" he called out.

"It is I, daddy; your Minnie?"

The old man rose to his feet with a sudden jerk and faced his daughter. The girl's face was tear-stained and penitent, and with a gasp of pity he pulled her to him. "You? Come back to the old home again? My little tease has come back. Thank God!"

There was a further surprise that night for old Jarvis. Two hours later the latch was again lifted, and John Strong entered the little house. He looked tired and wan, but triumphant.

"I saw your light, Daddy Jarvis," he said, "and crossed the mountains in the dark, as I could wait no longer. I have come for Minnie, according to my promise to her in the city."

The young couple sought each others' arms, and the old man, with a joyful laugh, cackled "I think I'll take that light out of the window now."

"No, daddy," remonstrated the girl, "keep it for the travellers over the mountains."

MISS BLANCHE FORSYTHE.

This powerful actress, the heroine of "O. H. M. S.," has been a member of the Barker Stock Co. for some twelve months, during which time she has distinguished herself by the intensity of her acting in the dramatic parts for which she has been cast. She is endowed alike with an artistic temperament and strong natural magnetism, qualities which distinguish her work in "O. H. M. S.," as in her many past successes.

An instance of the study and forethought which she bestows on her various parts is afforded by the fact that every scene in which she is to appear is tabulated in her note-book, together with her own remarks as to the line to be followed while playing. As soon as a scene has been taken she compares her actual performance with her previous ideas, with a view to detecting any point, however trivial that might help her in her future work. Her playing, in fact, is to her not only a daily occupa-



tion, but a hobby, and herein lies the secret of much of her success.

She had a strenuous time in the production of "O. H. M. S." In the course of the struggle with the spy, so realistic was the acting, that her wrists were literally black and blue for some time after they had experienced Mr. Paul's grip, and again, where she broke out of the room where the spy had locked her, she gashed her arm rather unpleasantly on the splinters of the broken door-panel. But such incidents don't worry Miss Forsythe.

In another scene of the same photoplay, where she follows the escaping spy in a cab, Miss Forsythe underwent the somewhat rare ordeal of acting her part in the open street, in presence of a crowd of three or four hundred persons, who were restrained from intruding on the scene by a rope stretched behind the camera. Her acting in the scene is a striking evidence of her lack of self-consciousness and absorption in her work.



MISS MARIN SAIS, OF THE KALEM COMPANY, IS AN ACCOMPLISHED HORSEWOMAN, AND SPENDS MOST OF HER TIME IN THE SADDLE.



COLLECTING THE BILL

One of the advantages of having a pretty typist.

By OSCAR GRIFFIN.



HIS friends were wont to say that John Scott was not a Scotsman, despite his name. He was believed to be of mixed descent, but his enemies, who were fairly numerous, always swore he came from the Hebrides, where they eat oatmeal all day and carry their boots suspended by the laces round their necks to save shoe leather. Messrs. Tombs, the undertakers, in a little side street in New York, were amongst those who hinted at John Scott's ancestry, for the bill of seven pounds ten shillings and fivepence halfpenny incurred for the burying of the late Mrs. John Scott, the better half of the pawnbroker, was still unpaid. The quarter-day coming round, Mr. John Tombs pounced on the unpaid bill and called his collector from the outer office.

"How is this, Mr. James?" queried the undertaker. "Here's a bill due for the past two quarters and it is still marked 'unpaid.'"

"Sorry, sir," began the collector, hurriedly, "but you really don't know what a hard nut old Scott is to get money out of."

"He has always paid bills to other creditors," remarked Tombs, in quiet surprise, "and I happen to know that he's not pushed for money. Why does he object to pay us; and for his wife's funeral, too?"

The collector grinned. "Perhaps that has something to do with it?"

"What do you mean?" said old Tombs, a little nettled at his clerk's tone.

"Well, sir," continued the collector, apologetically, "I did hear that Mr. Scott and his late wife did not get on very well together, and when I called for the funeral bill last quarter, old Scott snapped out, 'You ought to be satisfied with the pleasure of burying my wife without asking me to pay a bill.'"

"Oh!"

"But I'll give him another call, sir," said the collector, in a do-or-die tone. "I'll get it out of him this time or I'll eat my hat."

"Why don't you eat your hat, Mr. James?" said Tombs sarcastically as half an hour later, on seeing his collector come out of the office in a dishevelled and terrified condition, and with his collar hanging loosely from his neck.

"He's a terror, that man, sir," said Mr. James, incoherently, "he got me by the back of the neck and shook me like a puppy. It is no laughing matter, Miss Desmond," he bleated mournfully, on seeing the smile on the face of the lady typist. "I can assure you, sir, that I would rather face a suffragette meeting."

"All right," replied old Tombs, shortly, "you failed to collect the bill, and you might as well admit it at once," so saying Tombs went into the inner office, banged the door, and, sitting down at his desk, considered the advisability of giving Mr. James the sack.

The door opened, and Leggs, the ledger clerk, entered. "I don't think Mr. James possesses the necessary tact to get money out of old Scott, sir," said the ledger clerk, confidentially, "it's tact that's wanted in these kind of transactions; it's wonderful what one can do with a little tact. Now, if you will let me go and interview Mr. Scott, I'll guarantee I shall fetch the money back."



"So tact failed also," said Mr. Tombs.

"And if you don't, will you eat your hat?" asked Mr. Tombs, whose occupation had not killed his sense of humour.

"I don't make rash promises, sir," said the ledger clerk, guardedly, "but I think I shall succeed."

It was just as well the ledger clerk made no rash promises about the possibilities of eating hats, for when he appeared in the office about three-quarters of an hour later, the habitues of the office nearly collapsed. The ledger clerk's left eye was nearly closed, and the sanguinary mass round his nose, and the hapless look on his face, testified to the perils of bill collecting. "I wish I had stuck to my desk and not bothered about other people's jobs," he groaned. All looked concerned, even the typist, and Mr. Tombs, but there was a look of pleasure on the face of Mr. James. He had fervently prayed for this.

"So tact has failed also," said Mr. Tombs, ironically, "it looks as if I shall have to get that bill paid. I'll call on Mr. Scott personally, and if he tries any of his tricks on me, he'll qualify for his

own funeral, and I shall have the pleasure of burying him free of charge."

"Take care, sir," said the ledger clerk, piteously, "the man is a potential murderer."

"Very well," said Tombs, grimly, "we'll see on which side the murdering is done this time."

The undertaker buttoned on his coat, and squaring his shoulders, he set out on the delicate mission of interviewing the potential murderer. He knocked at old Scott's door with the air of delivering an ultimatum in which life and death trembled in the balance. He was ushered in to Scott, who sat at his desk with the air of a "bear nursing a sore paw," and when he saw Tombs, he snarled:

"So you've come, too!"

"I came to collect the bill for your wife's funeral. It's disgraceful that I should have all this trouble about collecting it. Another thing, your assault on my clerks won't be overlooked," thus spoke the adamant Tombs.

Old Scott grinned viciously. "I've had two joy days lately," he said, "the first one was when I—or rather you—buried my wife six months ago, and the second was to-day when I beat your two clerks into a pulp. My joy day isn't over yet, I see, and I'm going to get full satisfaction."

He got it. There was a whirlwind of legs, arms and coat tails, and when the hurricane had subsided, Mr. Tombs crawled out, thankful that it had been no worse. "An awful man," he groaned. "I shall summons him to the county court for debt and in the police court for assault."

When Mr. Tombs had wiped the evidence of his bill collecting task from his face and clothes, he subsided into his office chair and mentally considered the advisability of telephoning his solicitor to sue old Scott for debt. A knock on the door aroused him and Miss Desmond, the typist, entered and approached him with an air of indifference.

"About Mr. Scott," she began, hesitatingly.

"Well," groaned the undertaker.

"I'm thinking of calling on him myself to collect the bill."

"You!" shouted the surprised undertaker.

"Yes, I think I shall get it out of him."

The undertaker looked critically at his typist. He had looked at her many times before, but indifferently. This scrutiny told him how really charming and pretty Miss Desmond was. Mr. Tombs smiled as he said, "Well, you have my permission to try, if you like, but I'd advise you to ring up the hospital to prepare a bed for you."

"I don't think there will be any necessity," said Miss Desmond sweetly, as she departed.

The whole office waited anxiously for the return of Miss Desmond. The minutes sped slowly by, and whilst the firm of Tombs and Co. are awaiting the return of the typist we follow her to the office of John Scott, to whom she is ushered in, to the bewilderment of the pawnbroker, who has had no interview before with this kind of customer.

"Good evening, Mr. Scott," said the young lady, tenderly.

"Eh, what, er, good evening," replied the pawnbroker, who peered curiously at the lady.

Miss Desmond drew her chair nearer the pawnbroker and gently stroked his coat. "It's really too bad, the trials some husbands have to undergo," she murmured, sympathetically. "Don't think me impertinent or inquisitive, Mr. Scott, I have heard a good deal of your troubles and trials in the past, and I really feel for you."

The tears stood in the eyes of the pawnbroker. Sympathy is such sweet consolation from the lips of a lady of twenty. He had been a much hen-pecked husband, but here was consolation, indeed.

The minutes sped by. Mr. Scott grew more and more charmed. The young lady almost kissed him, and the pawnbroker was beginning to feel a domesticated man, when the visitor drew the terrible bill from her reticule and presented it to the debtor.

The pawnbroker gasped, then smiled, and when Miss Desmond saw the smile, she breathed freely and smiled also. For a wonder, old Scott was in real good humour for once, and almost without a murmur he drew a cheque for the amount. Miss Desmond could not but express her thanks by a kiss. The pawnbroker beamed.

There was a universal cry of amazement when Miss Desmond presented the cheque to old Tombs. He looked at his typist dazedly, while the office staff eyed the girl as though she was a prize animal. Then the undertaker walked into the office and brought a banknote out with him and gave it to the typist. "That's half the amount of the bill you collected. I guess you deserve it."

Miss Desmond always collects the outstanding bills now. She's got such a way with her.

Bumptious Bill.

There are not many like him. But there are some

Heed the tale of Bumptious Bill,
A Picture Show attendant, till
His crimes o'ertook him, as crimes will,
With retribution dire!

He had a haughty, bony form,
In five foot odd of uniform,
Wore on his face a glow'ring storm,
Betraying churlish ire.

He did not know the word "polite,"
His pastime 'twas and his delight
Each picture fan to flout and slight:
It was disgraceful, quite!

Instead of guiding to a seat,
With glowing lamp and nimble feet,
For him 'twas a perpetual treat
Civility to blight.

When they had paid their money down,
Upon all patrons he would frown,
And growl: "A slave? I! Do me brown,
If I my duty do!"

So they'd to stumble in the dark,
Their way to lose, their skins to bark;
If some did swear, I'd but remark,
To Bill the blame was due.

When ladies with sweet courtesy,
Asked what films next week should be,
He, snapping, bade 'em wait and see;
So they did elsewhere go.

In time all patrons well away,
Night after night, and day by day;
The boss went broke, when none would pay,
And he slew Bill, but, sad to say,
Too late to save the show!

(A few managers would do well to peruse the above, and then see if they can identify Bill from our contributor's description.)



THE SHERIFF'S BABY.

A Life for a Life—But given, not taken.

BY BURNHAM CROUCH.



BLACK Dick, Sheriff of Green Pond, Monaska County, stood watching the departing "schooner" rumbling away over the rough roads. Hard man though he was, and as his position compelled him to be, his coal black eyes were filled with unshed tears. For that "schooner" was bearing away from him all that he had left to love in this world—his motherless child.

But Black Dick knew it was better that the child should go. There was no convenience for an ailing infant at his shanty at Lone Green Pond. And there was no woman near whom he would have trusted to take care of the child. Safe with its grandparents at their comfortable home in the next county the Sheriff's mind would at least be easier on his baby's account. And he would be free to follow that notorious outlaw Four-fingered Pete, the depredations of whose band had made Monaska an unpleasant place to live in.

Meanwhile Shaggy Joe, the driver of the "schooner," was whipping up his team on the first stage of his long journey. Black Dick's infant had been confided to the care of Nannie Peters, who happened to be travelling by the "schooner" to rejoin a son who had left home and had "made good." A very motherly person was Nannie, and the babe could not have fallen into better hands.

"Sure," said Shaggy Joe, "looks like as you was fond o' kids, Nannie."

"And why wouldn't I be?" she said. "And me a mother o' nine—countin' me late husband's half-dozen by his first wife."

"Nannie," grinned Joe, "you're not good at arithmetic—and you're sure off th' track for logic."

"For why? Haven't I known ye an' yer family for years an' asses years."

"Sure, ye have!"

"Did ye ever have more'n one son an' one daughter of yer very own—leavin' out yer husband's by his first wife?"

"I did not," said Nannie. "But ye'll be forgettin' me husband adopted a baby girl of a mate who died—Bennie the Butcher. Get away wid yer, Shaggy Joe! You've got no headpiece for argufyin', sure!"

The driver laughed.

"I'm beat, Nannie," he said. "You hold all th' tricks. An' so ye should, seein' th' way ye're takin' care of that yere baby."

"Ye leave th' infant to one as understands th' business," said Nannie, "'an stick to ye're drivin'."

It wouldn't be hard for a careless man to lose th' track on this trip. I've known it to happen."

"Sure," said Shaggy Joe, peering anxiously ahead through the gathering mist.

He drove on in silence for an hour or so. Night was closing in, and there would be no moon. Once Nannie ventured :

"It's long time since I was on this trip, an' I reckon me memory ain't so good as it might be. But th' country strikes me as somehow changed a tarnation lot."

"It's ye're eyes, Nannie," he said. "Ye'd best get ye're specs. seen to next time ye're in town."

"Maybe ye're right, Joe, she said. But all the same I've got a nasty feeling under me stays that we're off the track. Sure we ain't, Joe?"

"As sure as th' Lord makes little green apples,"



"Nannie Peters was deputed to take care of the child."

he said. "I should know this journey, shouldn't I, Nan?"

"Ye should," she said. An' I hope ye do."

He did. That is to say no man in Monaska county knew the little-travelled track better than he—while he was on it. But he knew well enough that in the mist of the valley a few miles back he had left the track. He had not worried particularly, thinking to hit it again easily enough. But he must have gone further into the bush than he had thought. And it seemed now that the harder he tried to get back to the track, the stranger the country became, and the more difficult for the "schooner" to negotiate. He had not intended to tell Nannie Peters he had lost his way. But there seemed no help for it now. If he had kept the track they would have fetched a "halt" soon after dark, and there they had anticipated to spend the night.

"Nannie," he said, "I reckon that nasty feeling ye mentioned was somehow built solid. I guess we've slid off th' track for sure."

"That's talkin' about things ye ain't fitted to understand," Nannie said. "If ye'd left th' kid's affairs to me, and stuck to ye're team we'd be thinkin' of shakin' down for th' night by now. What are ye goin' to do?"

"I reckon we'd best shove on," he said. "I guess we can't be many miles off'n th' track. Maybe we're right close without knowin' it."

He said that to cheer Nannie. He didn't believe it himself. His own opinion was that in his efforts to get back he'd gone many a mile further into the bush. But his reason for "shoving on" was that he knew that he was in the vicinity of hostile Indians. Also he guessed he was somewhat near the happy ground of the notorious outlaw, Four-fingered Pete.

Had he but known it, he was also at that moment no great distance from friends as well as potential enemies. Black Dick, the Sheriff of Green Pond, and his band, were riding hard on the outlaw's trail. But Shaggy Joe could not know that, and he "shoved on" with his "schooner" all night.

When morning dawned he found himself in a country of which he was entirely ignorant. Not a single landmark could he or Nannie Peters recognise. They were lost in the bush — with scarcely any provisions, and not a drop of water to be seen anywhere. The soil was mainly sand, and the vegetation seemed choking with an unslackened thirst. Their's was a terrible plight.

Three days later Black Dick sighted Pete.

"Ride like hell for 'em, boys," he said. "We'll have th' villain this time, or I'm not Sheriff of Green Pond."

With a joyful whoop the Sheriff's men dug their spurs into their horses and galloped on. For a time they seemed to have Four-fingered Pete all but in their clutches. They gained on the outlaw so fast that soon he was no more than a revolver-shot ahead.

"They're riding tired horses," the Sheriff said. "We'll bag 'em his journey, for sure."

But Four-fingered Pete was a scoundrel of infinite resource. Suddenly the whole band of outlaws pulled up, wheeled their horses round, and charged pell-mell at the Sheriff's forces, peppering them unmercifully with a perfect hail of bullets.

So entirely unexpected was the daring manoeuvre that it succeeded, in spite of the fact that the outlaws were out-numbered by four to one. Three of the Sheriff's men fell never to rise again, and three more were injured.

Meanwhile the outlaws had dashed down into a ravine where not even the boldest of the Sheriff's men dared follow.

"Slipped us again," raged Black Dick. "By

heavens," I'll have the villain yet. We shall meet again, Mister Four-fingered Pete."

They were to meet possibly sooner than the Sheriff could have expected, and most certainly in different circumstances. The Sheriff's band spent that night in seeing to their injured companions. At daybreak next morning shots were heard beyond the ravine.

"There's trouble yonder, said Black Dick. "I guess it's Four-fingered Pete. We'll go an' investigate, boys."

The firing continued. Presently other sounds came down on the wind. The Sheriff's men glanced at each other. To their practised ears those sounds meant one thing, and one thing only—Indians.

They leapt into their saddles, and galloped down into the ravine by a more indirect but easier track than Four-fingered Pete had taken the previous afternoon.

For some time they rode without coming across signs of Indian or outlaw, or indeed signs of human life at all. But suddenly one of the men set up a shout.



"By Halifax," he vowed, "I'll find him before I sleep again."

"A 'schooner,' boys," he voiced. "Seems like its abandoned."

They reigned in their horses and turned aside toward the canvas-covered wagon. The build of it immediately struck the Sheriff as familiar.

"Boys!" he screamed, "it's Shaggy Joe's. My baby! Oh, God, what's happened to my little baby?"

They dashed ahead and dismounted. There was no sign of life. The "schooner" showed evidence of having been attacked. The thought rushed immediately on Black Dick—Four-fingered Pete.

"By Halifax!" he vowed, "I'll find him before I sleep again. I'll drill daylight into his dirty carcass as sure as they call me Black Dick. Are ye ready, boys?"

They leapt into their saddles again and galloped away.

In a few minutes a member of the Sheriff's party signalled the outlaws riding quietly up the hill slope to the left. They spurred on their horses. Soon the outlaws became aware that they were followed. It was evident that their horses were "done."

The outlaws opened fire first on the Sheriff and his men. It seemed that they knew capture was imminent at last, and were prepared to die gamely. The Sheriff's party responded with a fusillade.

Two of the outlaws fell. The third, dismounted, seemed to want to come to terms with the Sheriff. He appeared to be carrying a bundle in his arms.

"Good Christopher Columbus!" shouted one of the Sheriff's men. "It's Four-fingered Pete himself—and carrying a baby!"

"A baby?" gasped Black Dick.

And all his rage against Four-fingered Pete was immediately forgotten as he saw that the outlaw carried his own child.

"I saved th' kid," Four-fingered Pete explained. "That yere Shaggy Joe slid off the track, and got into a mess with some goldarned Indins. I guess they soon give him a sleepin' draught—an' Mother Peters as well. But I got up in time to git th' kid alive."

Black Dick looked hard at the outlaw.

"Say," he said, "I reckon its agin th' law—but I'm goin' to let you slide this time. 'Clear!'"

And Four-fingered Pete took the Sheriff at his word.

IN THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

A Debt that was paid.

BY HENRY NORMAN.

THE two companies that had been hurried forward to seize the position in advance of Napoleon's army, were busy pitching their camp; meanwhile Captain Dorignac walked to the highest point of the hill they had occupied, and surveyed the country that spread out below him. Right across the valley the broad river wound; he could trace its course for miles; only at one point was it out of sight, that was where the spur of wooded hills ran down from the heights at the opposite side of the valley. He marked the sites of the various villages, looking as peaceful as though war had never been in the world; and he noted the distant smoke of the old Imperial city. There was but one feature in all the scene that was disquieting to the military mind of the captain—the high conical hill that stood isolated close up to the river's edge on the near side of the stream.

"It is as well," he reflected, "that those pigs of Prussians are on the other bank, and they cannot move their artillery across! we have not men to spare to hold the place, and a few guns mounted there, and they would have every soul of us. However, the hill is this side" The Captain's thoughts were wandering away from war and its toils; soon he was back in the peaceful little village among the vineyards beyond the Rhine; in the shade of the trees, in the sweet flower garden, and Elise was coming to him out of the house with a bottle on a silver tray; she would stay and talk to him of his campaigns and his battles, and how, once they had the Prussians under once more and had repaired the disasters of the Russian winter, he would come back to her again.

Captain Dorignac pulled himself up sharply. "She is not for you," he sternly told himself. Recently, quite by accident, he had made a discovery, which concerned him more intimately than the position of the enemy; it was that the other admirer of Elise—the lover she preferred to him—was the very man to whom he twice owed his life, a debt he had solemnly sworn to repay; more than that, the favoured suitor was now Captain Brian—it was his bravery on that second occasion when he had saved his rival that had earned him the rank—and he was able to satisfy the demands of the girl's father, who had carried his military ideas into the private life—forced upon him by the loss of a frostbitten arm in the

Russian campaign—that captain's daughters should not marry anyone not of the rank of a captain, that was the iron inflexible law he laid down. That obstacle to Brian's hopes had been overcome now, and nothing remained for the other but to endeavour to forget her . . .

The Captain's ears caught a well known sound—someone was moving among the bushes; perhaps it was a native of the country, who maddened by the miseries of war, had taken to crawling up to the enemy's camp on the chance of shooting a sentry, but Dorignac was too old a campaigner to be caught by a pot-shooter; he bent himself double and ran in a long semi-circle to take his enemy in the rear.

There he was, crouching in the undergrowth; with a spring the captain was on him; his hand clutched the man's throat, and he pulled him backwards to the ground, and placed his knee upon his chest.

The fellow was in peasant's dress, and he was unarmed, which meant that he was a spy—otherwise he would certainly not have ventured near the French camp without a weapon. There was a look of dull despair in his face—he expected instant death.

The captain relaxed his grip on his captive's throat. "Let me go free," gurgled the wretched spy, "and I will tell you all."

"Proceed," commanded Dorignac, "and beware how you attempt to deceive me."

A gleam of hope crossed the sullen face of the peasant, and he poured out a long story in his guttural dialect.

The Captain concluded his tale for him. "You were ordered here," he said, "to give warning in case we discovered the movement?"

"I was," growled the man.

Dorignac rose to his feet, leaving his prisoner to make his escape, which he presently did; the Captain was in an agony of perplexity; a few minutes lost, and it would be too late; and he was out of call from the camp; then he remembered that he had ordered that a gun should be mounted on the heights where he stood; he ran to the spot; the gun was in position, and there were bags of powder beside it, but no men.

The Captain seized a bag, threw it over his shoulder, and scrambled down the slope towards the valley, cursing the slowness of his movements. He reached the level ground at last, and he ran



panting along till he came opposite the bend in the river where the hills ran down, which had concealed the stream from his view—the man had told him the truth; before him was an ancient wooden bridge, winding and narrow, but good enough for the passage of the artillery which the Prussians were dragging along the white road on the opposite bank.

Exhausted and wet with perspiration, the Captain reached the bridge-head—it was unguarded—and he slipped down amongst the reeds and mud beneath the last of the spans. It seemed a long, long time that he was waiting, and he wondering if Elise would ever know what he had done to pay his debt to her lover. He cheered himself with the thought that a smart officer like Captain Brian would assuredly discern that if the guns

wounded, backward; but he was alive, and he saw and heard the effects of his blow—the crazy timbers of the bridge were dry, and they caught and blazed like tinder. The enemy were trapped; the planks gave way under the last gun in the line, it fell through into the water, and there was a gulf behind them and fire before. Some of the men jumped into the stream, and the victor saw them washed away by the current; he heard one of the officers raging and swearing, as he tried to force the horses of the ammunition wagon to drag it over the shattered and burning timbers. The terrified animals reared and kicked and plunged, trampling the men under their hoofs; the fire was spreading, and another of the guns crashed through into the mud, dragging its horses and their riders with it.



The enemy were trapped.

had crossed the river and been mounted on the hill that was the enemy's objective, there would have been none of their two companies left to tell the tale; if they found him she would know certainly that he had saved his rival; and the Emperor and France would know. . . .

A dull rumbling sound cut Dorignac's meditations short; he laid his bag of powder in an angle between two joists of the bridge; the sounds came nearer; he drew his pistol and examined the priming and the lock; the guns were right over his head; he laid the muzzle against the bag, he shouted "Vive L'Empereur," and he fired.

The explosion hurled the Captain, hideously

Then came the end; the flames reached the ammunition wagon; it went up like a volcano, and the whole section of the bridge swayed and sank hissing into the reeds, sodden with blood.

Dorignac lived through it all; he was the only man alive when the French reached the spot; he was past articulate speech when Captain Brian bent over him; he was trying to say something, but it was for ever lost; perhaps he wished to express a hope that Brian would be promoted over the business, which might have led to a new difficulty with the regimentally-minded parent of Elise—it is quite likely that it was simply that he wished to tell him.



THE FIRED COOK.

In which some smoke led to a real fire

BY PATRICK GLYNN.

DID you ever wear stays?" queried the fat little man in the bar taproom corner.

I eyed the questioner tentatively. The question might be merely frivolous, or he might have a story to tell, and I had ten minutes to spare over my modest drink.

"No, thank Heaven," was my curt rejoinder. The fat little man finished his drink and then gazed mournfully at me. "I wore 'em once guv'nor, and they got me six months in gaol. But talking is dry work."

A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse and I'm a long way off being a blind horse. I called the bar tender. "Give me a drink," I commanded. "Now about that six months in gaol story," I said, turning to the fat little man. "In the first place, who are you?"

"Tim Brennan's my name."

"Occupation," I continued.

"Cook," replied the fat little man.

"You look it," I said cruelly.

"Don't be too hard on me mister," said Brennan; "when I said I was a cook I meant to say that it was during the time I was a cook that I got my six months in quod."

"Some cooks I know," I remarked viciously, "ought to be kept in gaol for the term of their natural lives. It's a public duty to incarcerate them before they ruin the digestions of a long-suffering public."

"Oh, I can't cook," admitted Brennan candidly, "my trouble didn't come about owing to my want of cooking knowledge. At the same time I wish I had poisoned that newly-married couple."

"Eh," I said, a little startled.

"Newly-married couples are always dangerous," volunteered Jim Brennan darkly, "the precious pair that got me into trouble and had just sacked their cook because the young husband objected to his steak being burned to a cinder when all the time it was the bride who had cooked it, and threw the blame on the poor cook. Well, I was out of a job at the time, and saw the advert. in the paper for a cook for Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of 968, Lorne Terrace, Hashem-on-Sea. But they wanted a female cook, guv'nor, and I happened to be a man."

"I sympathised with Brennan on the unlucky accident of birth."

"I had just come out of g——, I mean I was out of a job and wanted a home pretty bad, and here was the chance if I could only be a woman. So I made myself out a woman."

"This is where the stays come in," I interrupted.

"Quite correct, guvnor, I had a bit of trouble getting the women's top, and more trouble getting a testimonial for knowledge of cooking, but I managed it all right, and when I showed up at Mrs. Lewis' house, I got the job on the spot."

"She must have been very much in love if she didn't notice the close way your hair was cropped," I remarked tactlessly.

"You are cruel, guvnor," continued Brennan, mournfully, "but as you seem to know so much, I may as well tell the whole truth. I didn't want to be cook at all, at least not very long, but I had got the tip that there was quite a fancy lot of silver plate, wedding presents and such like, which only wanted an enterprising chap like myself to shift as quick as possible. It's really a sin to



"I must have lost my presence of mind."

give so much silver plate to newly-married couples when there's so many hard-working men like me walking about out of work. At least that's my theology, guvnor, and I intended to take down the sinful, worldly pride of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis as soon as I could."

"I felt all right as a woman. I had a thick skirt on and a nice Scotch shawl and a bonnet and a pair of stays underneath, just to give me a bit of a slim waist, but as you see for yourself I'm inclined to be fat. Of course I wore my ordinary togs underneath the skirt, a pair of trousers, and a waistcoat, but no jacket of course."

"Mrs. Lewis put me through a cross examination, but the testimonials I got from Slim Jim, and Nancy Parker—both friends of mine—were A1 at Lloyd's, and I really think I looked a very experienced and respectable-looking cook. Any-

how young Mrs. Lewis engaged me and soon after she had fetched me down to the kitchen, and gave me a dish of potatoes to peel.

"If I had had more sense I would have known that peeling potatoes is the kitchen maid's job, not the cook's. I could see Mrs. Lewis smiling when she saw me peeling the potatoes without a word of protest; she evidently thought I must be a bit simple. Then she said to me, 'Now, Mrs. Brennan'—that's the name I went by—"as soon as you have finished peeling the potatoes get Mr. Lewis's chop ready and cook it for lunch. He'll be in in about half an hour."

"That was all right for Jack, but I wanted to get a look at the silver plate I had heard so much about from my pal Nancy Parker. However I reckoned I'd better put my visit of inspection off until this infernal Jack had stuffed his stomach with my chops.

"Nancy had given me a few lessons in cooking, so I managed to make a fair show with the frying pan, but the look I saw on Jack's face when he put his teeth in my chop sent me back to the kitchen with a cold shiver down my back."

"Tim, my lad," I said to myself, "you're not long for this job, so you'd better hurry up with your visit of inspection before Jack and his wife fires you out of the window for trying to poison them."

Mrs. Lewis came down a few minutes later and a nasty look on her face. "Now Mrs. Brennan," she began sarcastically, "you told me you could cook."

"That's all right, mum," I replied in my best woman's voice, "some foreign dripping fell into the pan off the kitchen table. I didn't notice it until it was too late."

"Don't let any more foreign dripping fall into the pan," said Mrs. Lewis, who gave me a queer look as she walked away.

"Well it's just about time I had a nice quiet smoke," I said to myself, "and after that, my boy, have a look at the spoils of war on the sideboard." I pulled up my skirt, took my little pipe out of my waistcoat in another minute I was as happy as the king watching the blue smoke rings circling above my head. It was the first smoke I had that day and heaven knows what I was dreaming about, but all of a sudden I heard Mrs. Lewis's voice calling from the landing above.

"Mrs. Brennan."

"Yes mum," I said, shoving the pipe into my pocket and running to the kitchen door.

"Bring up Jack's coffee, and mind you make it nice."

"Yes mum," I answered.

"And Mrs. Brennan," called out the bride.

"Yes mum," I answered impatiently.

"What's that smell of smoke in the kitchen?"

"It's the kitchen stove, mum; I just spilled some water on it and it smoked up."

"I hope there's no followers smoking pipes in the kitchen," called back Mrs. Lewis, "I dismissed the last cook because she brought policemen into the kitchen."

"There's no one here, mum," I called back, impatiently. "Come and see."

"That's all right, bring up the coffee and toasted scones for Jack."

"Hang Jack, I hope these scones will poison him," I said that to myself of course, but I hurried up with the coffee and scones and laid them on the table before the precious pair. Jack looked at the scones, then turned up his nose.

"What's wrong with them, sir?" I asked desperately.

"There's something wrong with you Mrs. Brennan. "I think you don't know anything about cooking."

"It's the delicate state of your stomach, sir," I said angrily. "Get Mrs. Lewis to cook for you."

"Don't be impertinent, Mrs. Brennan," said the bride flaring up immediately. "I shall have to dismiss you; you're not able to cook at all."

"All right, mum, I said, I'll leave to-morrow."

I went back to the kitchen and lit my pipe again. "Yes, I'll leave to-morrow all right," I said to myself, "and I'll take some of your bridal presents with me, my precious turtle doves."

I really ought not to have smoked. It was a great mistake and I was made to realise it when I heard an awfully shocked voice behind me call out, "Mrs. Brennan."

I must have lost my presence of mind, for I listed my skirt hurriedly and shoved the pipe into my waistcoat pocket. Mrs. Lewis was at the door and behind her the precious Jack was smiling satirically.

"A most surprising cook indeed; one of the smoking variety," this from Jack.

"Good gracious, she's on fire," screamed Mrs. Lewis.

It was too true. I felt the scorching of my trousers and the skirt was in flames in another second. This was over the unlucky pipe which I had slipped with the red ashes into my pocket. I'm afraid I lost my nerve, for I danced round the kitchen with the flaming skirt and then Mrs. Lewis screamed "Jack, it's not a woman; it's a man."

I knew I was discovered, and made a dash for the door. That infernal Jack however grabbed me by the stays and I only got loose by leaving some of the laces in his hand. The sea was just outside the door and I ran down the beach and jumped into the water in time to save me from death by burns. But as I came out of the water there was Jack and his bride waiting for me with a couple of coppers.

"And that's how I got six months for wearing stays," concluded the fat little man mournfully.

Principal Cast :

Cook John Brennan.

Mrs. Lewis Miss Ruth Roland.

Mr. Lewis Marshal Neilan.

She Wanted Mary.

This may be a fable, but an American contemporary swears it is not. Recently, in a Canadian townlet, where servant girls are far above rubies, they had a picture show. They threw a Biograph film on the screen, in which Miss Mary Pickford enacted a servant who was very badly treated by her employers. The manager was interviewed by an excited farmer's wife. "I want the address of that poor little thing!" she said. "I'm going to write to her straight away, and offer her a home where she will be properly treated. What salary do you think I'd better offer?" When apprised of the salary Mary would probably expect, the old lady gasped; and when informed it was all a play, she shook her head. "I can't believe that," she dissented. "That child was too badly treated. It worries me only to think of her!" Which was a compliment to Mary, if you think of it.

THE PICTURES.

Experts View Oil Picture.

J. C. Baxters and R. J. Connors, two Chicago mining engineers, hearing that the American Film Manufacturing Co. was soon to release a two reelers, entitled Oil on Troubled Waters, asked and were given permission to see the operation of oil wells in the ocean. Throughout the subject runs an industrial vein, and the American's producer took advantage of his opportunities by producing not only a delightful story but a highly interesting industrial as well. Messrs. Baxter and Connors were particularly interested in a 25 H.P. engine which, operating through an eccentric cam, operates the entire forest of oil wells, the cam transmitting power to the wells by means of cables and triangles. This operating is clearly shown in the picture. The story was made at Summerland, Cal., the only region in the oil world where oil is taken from the ocean's bottom. This picture is now on exhibition.

S. S. Hutchinson has Narrow Escape.

S. S. Hutchinson and R. D. Armstrong of the American Film Manufacturing Co. have just arrived back in America from the Hawaiian Island, relate an interesting experience with Water Buffalo. In the rice fields on the islands, water buffalo are used, as being the only animal who can travel through the heavy muck. R. D. Armstrong, camera man, had his camera fixed up and was taking pictures with S. S. Hutchinson directing besides him, when the foremost buffalo charged. There followed a thrilling series of dodges back and forth behind the camera until a native rescued them. Both were thoroughly exhausted from the strenuous exercise in the ankle deep mud.

A Camera Man's Adventure.

Mr. Frederick Burlingham, who has been filming scenes in the Alps for the B. and C. Company, had an exciting experience when photographing the giant snow plough at work on the Bernina Pass. The camera was placed in the track of the oncoming machine, Mr. Burlingham having arranged beforehand for the plough to stop before it reached him. To his horrified amazement the snow plough instead of stopping bore right down upon him, and the camera-man had barely time to throw himself against the walls of the Pass as it steamed by, hurling the camera on one side. So close was the plough that it actually grazed the camera-man's body, and Mr. Burlingham declares that it was too exciting to be pleasurable.

sant. He learned afterwards that the snow had blinded the engineers, who could not see the camera-man in the track before them.

The Price of Realism.

Wilbert Melville, one of Lubin's directors, recently required a small, isolated railway station, with an old-fashioned chimney built against the outside. Miles and miles of adjacent country were searched but no such structure could be found. Realism in both acting and atmosphere is Director Melville's hobby, and as he could not find the railway station he required he determined to erect one. A piece of railway track was hired, and the Directors had built near-by a complete station of the type he wished for his picture. The station was complete with signal-box, telegraph wires and all detail. It cost over £250 to erect, and was only used in one scene.

An Actor's Experience.

Mr. Paul Hurst, a valuable member of the Kalem Company, is inclined to believe nowadays that it does not pay to be too realistic. The Company had recent occasion to visit the Chinatown section of Los Angeles, and Mr. Hurst was made up as a crook. When Director Melford and his players prepared to return Mr. Hurst could not be found. The actor was finally discovered in a violent discussion with a policeman who had arrested him on experience. Only the combined persuasive powers of Mr. Hurst's fellow-actors eventually procured his release.

That Biograph Mouse.

Biograph's old-fashioned romance, "The Lady and the Mouse," necessitated the capture of a real live mouse. There being no specimens in the studio one was secured from an outside source, but the captive escaped when it was almost time for it to make its debut. A hurried pursuit of the fugitive across the studio floor drove it to earth behind a pile of scenery. Miss Lillian Gish bravely crawled in to drive it from its retreat (Miss Dorothy Gish, by-the-way, was standing on a chair) and the mouse dashed out again, escaped the clutches of Lionel Barrymore, and sought refuge under a couch. Miss Kate Toncray made the next attack with Robert Harron's walking-stick, and the mouse again flew forth, this time into the open palms of Billy Bitzer, the camera-man. Billy now writes C.M. and M.C. after his name, which being interpreted stand for camera-man and mouse-catcher.

J. P. McGowan.

The popular actor, who accompanied the Kalem Company to Ireland, Egypt and the Holy Land is now a Director of one of Kalem's Stock Companies. J. P. McGowan is an Australian by birth. He fought in the Boer War, when his exceptional horsemanship won him the post of despatch bearer to Lord Kitchener.

Mr. McGowan has had some remarkable escapes from death. On one occasion his horse fell with him over a precipice and was instantly killed. McGowan had both arms and both legs broken, and lay helpless for fifteen months. Another time a leap over a bridge on horseback resulted in the death of the horse the actor was riding, although Mr. McGowan escaped with a severe ducking.

Adolph Zukor.

Mr. Zukor is President of the Famous Players Company, who have "cornered" the world's greatest actors to appear in their productions. At the largest studio in the world he has general control of operations, and is consequently a very busy man. In "The Prisoner of Zenda," which the Company have just produced, the Coronation scene contained over three hundred players, and the grouping of this large studio crowd took no less than two whole days to perfect. Mr. Zukor, however, has bigger things than this in view. In "Becky Sharp," shortly to be filmed, he intends to show the Battle of Waterloo, although the one tableau will probably occupy more than a week of his time.

JOTTINGS.

Is it true that Messr. R—— are going to handle the new Ryno film in this country, and are they not hoping to do big business...make Ryno by it, in fact?

Are you going for our cash prize?

The League secretary is having a busy time. Midnight is no unusual hour to catch the homeward train!

We don't mind; only, will you do your part, and bring in all your friends?

Did Captain Amundsen really object to being filmed at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Our contemporary, "London Mail," suggests "movies" as another name for picture palaces. How original! and what a charming idea, to improve our language by the importation of American slang!

The L.C.C. have thought better of it, and the Kinematograph is not to be used in the schools. As usual, provincial cities will be allowed to take the lead.

The doctors are gloomily prophesying that gazing at moving pictures will result in the next generation going blind. We doubt it. Anyway, it is the people who can't get in who are suffering at present.



OUR POSTBAG

13, BREAD STREET HILL, LONDON, E.C.
Don't be afraid to ask us any question concerning
moving-pictures. Questions of general interest will be an-
swered through the "Postbag." Others should be accompanied
by stamped addressed envelope for reply



E. N. (Clapham).—We do not recollect a film of the title you mention.

B. S. (Hull).—No, we do not hear that any Vitagraph players have gone over to the company mentioned. Earle Metcalfe is not a Vitagraph, but a Lubin player. Were you thinking of Earle Williams? See notes in *Between Ourselves* in recent issues, re League matters.

Miss Orr (Scarborough).—Thanks, but we are unable to use the note you sent us, as it does not exactly suit our requirements.

B. J. Mann (Castleford).—No doubt by this time your grievance will have been remedied.

B. de P. (West Dulwich).—Mr. G. M. Anderson is one of the proprietors of the Essanay Company. Yes, we have photos of him for sale.

"Picture Admirer" (Pontardulais, Glamorgan).—The address of the Hepworth Co. is 2 Denman Street, Piccadilly, W.; that of the B. and C. Company is 33-35, Endell Street, Long Acre, W.C. Carlyle Blackwell is a Kalem player.

M. White (Croydon).—In No. 50 "The Pictures" we published a list of the principal film companies; also see previous reply. The chances of getting employment as an artist are not very rosy. Have a try and you will satisfy yourself.

C.A.D. (Fulham, S. W.).—Miss Orme Hawley was Nancy in "The Regeneration of Nancy," Lubin.

Elspeth Grei (Bournemouth).—We cannot give you any reason why Miss Ivy Close is not appearing on the screen. She is still a member of the Hepworth Stock Company, and doubtless later on she will be seen on the screen.

Mona P. Smith (Richmond Ave.).— "What colour hair has Mary Pielford and Daphne Wayne got?" Well, Daphne is called the "Biograph Blonde," so you can guess the colour of her hair. We believe Mary is also fair. We have no definite information of Miss Florence Lawrence's business engagement as yet.

T. Loveridge (Aberdare).—We don't quite understand your letter.

M. A. (Brighton).—Thanks for four new readers.

D. Rogers (Bethnal Green, N. E.).—Mr. Gladstone Haley has left the B. and C. Company.

T. W. G. (Kennington, S. E.).—The rumour you heard of several American companies coming to England and playing over here is quite correct. We cannot tell you where they will locate; but it is rumoured that the Vitagraph Company will establish themselves at Hastings.

G.S.H. (Green Lanes, N.).—Maurice Costello has not arrived here yet. George Rexe (Birmingham).—See

reply to M. White, Croydon.

F.W. (New Cross, S.E.).—An operator should command a salary of from 35s. to 45s. per week. There are several schools, we believe, for teaching operating, but we are not recommending any.

Vitagraph Fan.—The player you mention was, we believe, Mr. Ted Delaney, who often acts such parts as you describe.

Florence Clark (West Croydon).—Miss Florence La Badie played the part. Thanks for your very nice letter, and for getting your friend to read "The Pictures." Don't forget in future to send competition entries on a separate sheet of paper.

Hugh Elliott (Glasgow).—Don't believe all you hear. Bunny is still laughing as heartily as ever—which is another way of saying, what we are tired of repeating, that he is not dead. Thanks for your kind remarks and for your efforts on behalf of "The Pictures."

E. Lewis (Balham).—Sorry for delay, but we go to press so far in advance of publication that some interval must necessarily elapse before replies can appear. We shall publish news of Maurice Costello at the earliest possible moment; but his tour seems to be protracted beyond the original anticipations. We shall try to publish details of forthcoming Costello rehearsals as they become available.

Miss Elliott (Cricklewood).—Glad you like the "Gallery." Number two will be even better; look out for it. It will be duly announced in our pages. See reply to E. Lewis above re Maurice Costello. We shall try to be beforehand with the information.

Lily Armitage (Edgbaston).—We fear that the qualifications of good looks and figure alone are not enough to gain you a position with a producing firm. Stage training is practically indispensable nowadays, and even with that the aspirant's path is not exactly a rose-strewn one.

Swyrian (Liscard).—Somehow we fear your name is misspelt, but don't blame us—we couldn't read it, though the rest of your card is quite clear. Henry Walther played opposite Daphne Wayne in "Oil and Water." Yes, you have pretty nearly made a record with your 445 artists whom you can recognise; but "fans" are becoming more numerous, and you will have to look to your laurels.

Hepworth films are made at the company's studios, Walton-on-Thames, or in the immediate neighbourhood, where practicable; but the players and producers often travel long distances in search of a suitable setting.

Alice Green (St. Annes-on-Sea).—The principal girl in "Shuttle of Fate" (Selig) was Miss Bessie Eyton.

W. H. Taylor (Birmingham).—Yes. Miss Kathryn Williams took the part of the girl in "Lost in the Jungle," and was the principal lady in "The Girl with the Lantern."

Darkie (Belfast).—Miss Gene Gauntier invariably played the heroine in almost all, if not all, the Irish dramas. She is an American lady. Jack Clark, who usually played the hero in the same plays opposite Miss Gauntier is an Irish-American.

A. Jones (Cardiff).—The American Biograph Company employ only the best artists for their plays, and there is very little chance of an inexperienced player getting inside their ranks.

Miss H. Bentley (Clapton).—You must particularise your queries with the name of the company, otherwise we cannot answer. The cowboy sheriff might be Edgar Jones, Romaine Fielding, or Broncho Billy, or indeed any one of many others.

A. Harris (Birmingham).—We have communicated with the company, but they are unable to secure the information you require.

Jack Fern (Manchester).—The leading lady in "Cardsharp or Queen of Spades" (Cines) was Signorina Hesperia.

Alice Crowther (Leeds).—Yes, Alice, we are considering the various aspects of the League and working it up, but naturally there is a good deal of pioneer work yet to be done. All announcements will be made in due course in "The Pictures."

W. H. Taylor (Birmingham).—Films by the Clarendon company appear very often on the screen.

Will Whittaker (Ilford).—Of course there is no truth in the rumour.

Jessie Davies (Birmingham).—Bryan O'Sullivan in the "Wives of Jamestown" (Kalem) was Jack Clark. Gene Gauntier was Lady Geraldine. Robert in the "Shaughraun" by the same company was Mr. Jack Melville.

Jessie (Willesden).—Miss Mary Pickford is still to be seen in present time Biograph films. But since these were taken she left the company and is playing on the New York stage.

H. B. Miller (Twickenham).—The parts of the girl and doctor in "Girl of the Mountains" (Selig) were taken by Herbert Rawlinson and Miss Betty Harte.

D. T. Barnes (Albaraman).—Miss Edna Payne took the leading ladies part in "The Moonshiner's Daughter" (Lubin).

D. Haywood (New Eltham).—Dan Frost, Hal Clements, Maury van Dorn, Guy Coombs; Milly, Miss Marion Cooper; Charlotte Pemberton, Miss Anna Nilsson, comprised the cast in "The Battle of Petersburg" (Kalem).

L. F. Kennett (Commercial Road, E.).—Miss Margaret Sawn took the part of "The Woman in White" in the Thanhouser film of that name.

Christian (Aldershot).—Miss Florence La Badie took the part of Cinderella in "Cinderella" (Thanhouser).

Ella Tuck (Hackney) and Gladys Pile (Brixton).—The knight and husband in "Undine" (Thanhouser) was James Cruze.

THE PICTURES.

D. H. Scarfe (Cricklewood).—We do not find that one of Mr. Maurice Costello's daughters played in "Six o'Clock." The little girl in the film was too young, if we remember rightly.

Miss Hetty Taylor (Oldham).—Matrimonial queries not answered.

E.N.R. (Meltham).—The principal parts in "A Distant Relation" (Flying A) were played by Misses Jessalyn Van Trump and Pauline Bush, Messrs. Warren Kerrigan and Jack Richardson.

Rosie Miller (Birmingham).—Thanks for your nice long letter. No, it did not bother us in the least, and we are very glad to know that you are so interested in the pictures and "The Pictures."

R. Greaves (Walthamstow).—The girl in "My Hero" was Miss Dorothy Gish. The mistakes mentioned arise from the fact that Biograph do not publish casts, and opinions sometimes differ as to the identity of a player, there being no definite authority to settle the question. At the same time you can rely on the information given above. As near as we can remember, Henry Walthall played with Miss Daphne Wayne in "Pirate Gold," but it is some time since we saw the film. We do not find any answers available to your other queries.

Ruby G. Brigden (Islington).—Thanks for your letter. You certainly managed an appropriate ragtime when you said "Flora Finch is fearfully funny, but I like her acting best with Bunny." Was it quite unpremeditated? Yes, we would like your new address.

Unknown Enquirers at Bread Street Hill.—The heroine in "The Massacre" (A.B.) was Miss Daphne Wayne, as she is known to picture fans, or, to use her real name, Miss Blanche Sweet.

J.M.H. (Edinburgh).—The play you mention is a Pathé production, but we do not know the cast. Thanks for your good wishes; your letter was a treat to read.

F. O. Wright (Co. Kildare).—You should get your "Pictures" on Tuesday at latest. It is published on Monday, but might not be on sale in your district till the following day. In "The Aisles of the Wilds" the leading players were Miss Doris Carlton and Mr. Henry Walthall.

C.E.X. (Portslade).—To break our rule for once, we may say that there is no relationship between any of the players mentioned. Please send picturettes on separate sheets of paper, else something will have to be ignored, either your queries or your picturette.

Betty (Deal).—Yes, Henry Walthall played in "A Burglar's Dilemma" (A.B.).

Wenpin (East Molesey).—Glad you and your friends like "The Pictures." Miss Doris Carlton and Miss Alice Murray played the leading ladies in the A.B. drama, "When Kings Were Law." The former was the lady in waiting, the latter the Countess.

Arthur Farmer (Erdington).—We do not know of any genuine firm

who are advertising for camera beginners. We would go farther, and say that the advertisement is a fraud. Under no circumstances should you pay a fee.

Hazel (Brixton).—It was Miss Dorothy Gish who played in "My Hero." Miss Muriel Murray appeared in "Gold and Glitter." We are inclined to agree with your opinion of the films mentioned.

W. Birchley (Handsworth).—We don't know about an exhibition in Birmingham. There may be one in Manchester this year, and probably another in Leeds, but it is somewhat early to talk about it yet.

Miss Constance Skinner (Joppa).—Querries must be sent separately from competition entries, otherwise there is a risk that neither may receive attention.

Beally (Southport).—The company are unable to tell us the name of the player in question.

Miss Kathleen H. (Kensington).—Many thanks for your kind letter. Glad your friend likes "The Pictures" so well.

M.M. (Balham).—As you suggest, we really have no preference—at least, in print. At the same time, we think you display very good taste.

Dorothy (York).—We do not give matrimonial information. The part of Satan in the film of that name was played by Mr. Mario Bounard, whose photo can be obtained from

You've read
—O.H.M.S.—
now, see it!

this office. See list on page 3 of cover.

Andrew J. Hikster (Broadstairs).—The leading part in "Called Back" (Thanhouser) was played by Mr. James Cruze.

Trixie (Edinburgh).—We don't know the cast of "Stabbing His Man-in-Law." It doesn't matter. You won't want to know it yourself the day after to-morrow.

J. B. Sockton (Strangeways).—We cannot answer your query, "Why G. M. Anderson never kisses the girl he plays with." Perhaps his wife won't let him! We may shortly be able to print a photo of the lad you mention. We do not think your identification of the "Reliance" player as the hero of "Oil and Water" is correct. We have never heard of Henry Walthall as a Reliance player. Your business query has been handed to our publishing department and will be dealt with through the post.

Miss H. Crewer (Streatham).—Thanks for your letter. We may shortly be able to publish the photo you wish to see. We are glad to note you find "The Pictures" indispensable.

OUR COMPETITIONS.

RESULT OF LAST WEEK'S COMPETITION

The first prize in this competition has been awarded to MRS. HUGHES-COPPINS, 10, Elm Street, Cambridge.

whose Picturette,
MAURICE COSTELLO—
MARVELLOUS (LAMBERT)
CHASE.

was adjudged the best sent in, and who will receive in due course a bound volume of "The Pictures," as announced.

THIS WEEK'S COMPETITION.

Owing to the popularity of Picturette No. 1 Competition, we have decided to repeat this on slightly different lines. We shall not charge any entry fee, and the prize will be accordingly reduced in value, but the number awarded will be governed solely by the number of entries. This week we offer a prize of a bound volume for the best Picturette received on or before Monday, May 26. The closing date has been extended from Saturday to Monday in response to numerous requests from our readers.

This competition will be repeated for some weeks, unless our readers should indicate their desire for a change. All entries will be treated as for the week in which they are received, and must be accompanied by that week's coupon (older coupons not available). The coupon for No. 18 Competition holds good until the date mentioned, and will be found on page 4 of cover.

WHAT IS A PICTURETTE.

For the benefit of new readers who have not seen the first "Picturette" Competition, we append the following.

A picturette is a word-picture of a photo-player; it must contain only as many words as the player's name, and these words must have the same initial letters as the names. For example:

Name—Daphne Wayne.

Picturette—Delightfully Winning. No Picturette which has already appeared in "The Pictures," either as an example or as a prize-winner's entry, or in any other form, is eligible for a prize after such publication. These include to date:

Mary Pickford—My Picturette.

Mary Pickford—Multitudes pleased

Alice Joyce—Alias Joys.

Ruth Roland—Romeos "Ruth" less..

Van Dyke Brook—Vivaciously depicts Barnacle.

Clara Kimball Young—Keeps Captivating You.

Percy Moran—Penetrates Mysteries.

John Bunny—Jacket Bursting.

Romaine Fielding—Realistic Fiend.

Maurice Costello—Makes Custom.

Dorothy Foster—Danger Forgotten.

Helen Costello—Hereditary Charms.

Maurice Costello—Marvellous (Lambert) Chase.

THE PICTURES.

WHO IS YOUR FAVOURITE PHOTO-PLAYER?

Have you his or her Portrait?

We have just made numerous additions to our list of photo postcards of picture artistes, and can now supply all the following at One Penny each. Postage up to two dozen cards, one penny.

BIOGRAPH.

LADIES.—Doris Carlton, Gladys Lilian Bedford, Violet Crawford, Daphne Wayne, Muriel Fortescue, Phyllis Forde, Margaret Winter, Mary Pickford (2).

GENTS.—Arthur Buchanan, James Wilson, Charles Berry, Sydney Donaldson, Harry Benson, Alexander Harvey, Walter Terry, Willie McBain, Percival Hemming, Montague Lawrence, George Hargreaves.

COLOURED and GEAZED Photo-Postcards 3d. each.

Daphne Wayne, Violet Crawford.

KALEM.

LADIES.—Gene Gauntier (4), Ruth Roland (5), Alice Joyce (6), Anna Nilsson (3), Jane Wolf (2), Marin Sais, Helen Lindroth, Marian Cooper.

GENTS.—George Melford (2), Carlyle Blackwell (2), Jack J. Clarke, Bosco, Bob Vignola, Judson Melford, J. P. McGowan, Ed. Coxen, P. C. Hartigan, Guy Coombes.

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Gene Gauntier, Ruth Roland, Alice Joyce (3), Anna Nilsson.

VITAGRAPH.

LADIES. Edith Storey (4), Julia Swayne Gordon (2), Lillian Walker, Florence Turner (3), Adele de Garde Clara Kimball Young, Flora Finch, Leah Baird (2) Norma Talmadge Rose E. Tapley, Dorothy Keely, Anne Schaefer, Helen Costello, Dolores Costello, H. and D. Costello (together), Mrs. Mary Maurice, Zena Keife, Rosemary Theby, Kate Price, Edith Halleren.

GENTS.—Van Dyke Brook, John Bunny (2), Charles Kent, Maurice Costello (4), William Humphrey, Kenneth Casey, E. R. Philips, Leo Delaney (2) Ralph Ince, Eagle Eye, H. T. Morey Robt. Gaillard, Geo. G. Stanley, Robt. Thornley, Earl Williams, James Morrison, Teft Johnson, George Cooper, William Shea, James Young, Tom Powers, Chas. Bennett, Hughie Mack.

JEAN—The Vitagraph Dog.

HEPWORTH.

LADIES.—Madge Campbell, Ivy Close (2), Violet Hopson, Flora Morris (2), Claire Pridelle, Alma Taylor (2), "Tilly the Tomboys," Marie De Solla, Gladys Sylvari, Chrissie White (2).

GENTS.—Harry Buss, Harry Gillbey, Jack Hulcup, E. Hay Plumb ("Plumie"), Harry Royston, Alec Worcester.

Figure after artiste's name indicates the number of different postcards we have of the particular artiste.

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LADIES.—Rita Davies, Eleanor Caines, Florence Lawrence, Ethel Elder, Jennie Nelson (2), May Buckley (2), Ormi Hawley (2), Mae Hotely (3), Lottie Briscoe, Ethel Clayton.

GENTS.—William Lewis Spottiswood Aitken Romaine Fielding, Noah Reynolds, Arthur Johnson (2), Albert McGovern, Howard Mitchell, George E. Reehm, Harry Myers, Boswell "Buster" Johnson, John Halliday, Charles Arthur, Charles Compton, Jerold Hevener, Edgar Jones, Edwin August.

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Jennie Nelson, Ormi Hawley.

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LADIES.—Dorothy Foster, Ivy Martinek (3).

GENTS.—Lieut. Daring, Gladstone Haley (Snorky).

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FLYING A.

IN ORDINARY DRESS.

LADIES.—Pauline Bush (3), Jessalyn Van Trump.

GENTS.—Warren Kerrigan, Jack Richardson, James Morrison, George Periolat.

IN WESTERN COSTUME.

LADIES.—Pauline Bush, Louise Lester, Jessalyn Van Trump.

GENTS.—Jack Richardson, George Periolat, Warren Kerrigan, Marshall Nullan.

The Flying A Bungalow.

Pauline Bush and Warren Kerrigan. The Flying A Players at work. Warren Kerrigan (in "Flying A" Pictures).

ESSANAY.

LADIES.—Vedah Bertram, Eleanor Blanchard, Lily Branscombe, Elvere D. Cassinelli, Margaret Joslin, Eva Prout, Mildred Weston.

GENTS.—G. M. Anderson (Bronco Billy), Frank X. Bushman, Augustus Carney (Alkali Ike), Harry Cashman, Frank Dayton, Arthur Mackley, Howard Missimer, Whitney Raymond, Harry Todd (Mustang Pete), William Walters, Bryant Washburn.

N.B.—These are postcard size portraits, printed on larger card with bord r.

Picture Postcards of G.M. Anderson and Frank X. Bushman.

CINES.

LADIES.—Francesca Bertim, Lea Guilleaume, Diomira Jacobini, A. Cattaneo.

GENTS.—Amleto Novelli, Natale Guillaume, Ignazio Lupi, Augusto Mastripietri, A. Bracci, Gastone Monaldi.

EDISON.

LADIES.—Miriam Neshitt, Mary Fuller, Laura Sawyer.

GENTS.—William Wadsworth, Marc McDermott, Harold M. Shaw, Edward O'Connor, Charles Ogle, Charles Seay, T. A. Edison, Wm. West, Edison Studio, New York.

SELIG.

LADIES.—Mabel Taliaferro, Bette Hart, Adrienne Kroll, Winifred Greenwood, Kathryn Williams, Eugenie Besserer.

GENTS.—Wm. J. Santschi, Herbert Rawlinson, Frank M. Clark, Chas Cleary, Hobart Bosworth.

AMBROSIO.

LADIES.—Morano Cesira, Baracchi Nilde (Robinette), De-Riso Giulietta, Tarlarini Maria, Albry Rina, Azzariti Bianchi, Adele, Schinini Bianca, Ruffino Maria, Brioschi Maria, Negri Fougel, Fernando, Ronco Giuseppina, Morano Luigia, Ripamonti Annetta, Negro Lia. GENTLEMEN:

Bonnard Mario, De-Rio Chiesa, Luigi, Rodolfi Eleuterio, Coppo Giovanni, Sierra Mino, Zocchi Collani Cesare, Azzati Paolo, Bartone Alfredo, Capelli Dante, Costamagna Filippo, Cesare Gani-Carini, De-Stefano Vitale, Grisanti Antonio, Silvestri Dario, Granata Mario, Negro Enrico, Buzzi Mario, Fabre Marcel, Vite Serafino, Barrella Giovanni, Vaser Ercole, Bay Maria, Pilotti Armando, Rivalta Edoardo, Vestrini Angelo, Campogalliani Carlo, Saio Mario, Pouget Armand, Maggi Luigi, Ragusi Leo, De-Riso Camillo, Grandi Oreste.

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CLARENCE.

Miss Dorothy Bellew (2), Lt. Rose, R.N.

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